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OUR "SPECIAL," A. R. W., ON HIS JOURNEYINGS.

STREET SCENE IN CAIRO, ILLINOIS

SALE OF GOVERNMENT STORES.

OUR artist at Cairo thus describes the illustration of the sale of Government stores on the levee at Cairo given on this page:

"Passing along the levee at Cairo, with its dust, filth, and obtrusive drinking-saloons, gaping wide open for victims to the trash within, it would appear to a stranger, from the great number of such places, that the people of Cairo had powers not accorded elsewhere to ordinary mortals of resisting the effects of 'tangle-leg,' 'red-eye,' 'twist-knee,' and other brands peculiar to the locality. Outside of each place are gathered a knot of hard-looking fellows. There is a suspicious air of 'lying-in-wait' common to these frequenters of the levee which is not calculated to inspire confidence in a stranger.

"At a Government warehouse an auction is in progress of such stores as appertain to the commissary department. The prominent figures are the

GOVERNMENT AUCTION ON THE LEVEE AT CAIRO, ILLINOIS.

auctioneer and a colored soldier—the former a well-known character, at one time connected with the *Herald* as an army correspondent. As a getter-up of sells he has few rivals; and many who knew him in the army will recognize him when they hear that he is principally indebted to his powers of ventriloquism for success. Many will remember the anecdote of a *Herald* correspondent monopolizing the telegraph line at Niagara Falls and telegraphing the first chapters of Genesis to exclude other reporters, who were dying with anxiety to transmit their accounts of the Prince of Wales's progress in Canada. This was that man! As far as your artist knows he is the last instance of this gentleman's proficiency in practical jokes. While the sketch was being drawn the auctioneer, who up to that time had ignored the artist's presence, turned upon the latter with a twinkle of recognition, the response to which was an inadvertent wink. Turning traitor at once, he went on with the sale, accepting the wink as a further bid, and knocking down to the delineator of character an old worn-out copying press at the liberal sum of $1 75."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1866.

THE EXECUTIVE POWER.

IN a free constitutional system of government the executive branch becomes most prominent during a war. The frequent necessity of summary measures, which the common sense of the country concedes, accustoms it to the contemplation of the arbitrary use of extraordinary power. And if, as with us during the late war, the exercise of that power is in the hands of a magistrate entirely beloved and trusted, its essential and normal peril becomes obscured to the public eye.

To our fathers who made the Constitution, however, there was no such obscurity. They had emerged from an exhausting war with a Government in which the executive power had absorbed so much more than its rightful share, even in a monarchical system, that its success in America would have been constitutional ruin in England. When they framed our government, therefore, they defined the power of the Executive as exactly as it could be done. Thus the President was made Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy when in actual service; but Congress alone was to declare war and raise and support armies. He was to veto any law which seemed to him objectionable; but a two-thirds vote of Congress was, upon due consideration, to overpower his veto. He was to make treaties, but only with the consent of two-thirds of the Senators present, and to appoint envoys and judges, but only with the approval of the Senate. In the intention of the fathers, and because of their faith in a popular system, the motive power of the Government was to reside in Congress, which was the immediate representative of the people.

It was in obedience to this system and in full sympathy with the spirit from which it sprang that Mr. LINCOLN, whom circumstances compelled to assert the executive power to its utmost legitimate extent, constantly appealed to Congress to justify his acts. During the war he did not hesitate to state "to whom it might concern" the terms upon which, as Commander-in-Chief, he was ready to cease operations in the field; but he was careful to say that the question of reorganization must be finally determined by Congress. While the war was still raging he said that he was willing to recognize in any rebel State a Government established and maintained by a tenth of the number of voters before the war; but he conceded that the admission to Congress of a State so constituted was a question for Congress alone to decide.

President LINCOLN died just as the work of restoration was beginning. President JOHNSON laid down by proclamation the terms upon which rebel States might proceed to reorganize; but stated explicitly that the work was to be concluded only by the consent of Congress. He did his part as his sense of duty and his view of public necessity demanded. The States, empowered and directed by him, did their part as they saw fit. Congress is now cautiously considering in what way most wisely to do its part, which officially completes the work. And it is just at this point that those who are utterly malignant at the overthrow of the late revolutionary movement which sought the destruction of the Government advise the President to lead a new revolution for the same purpose. Those who, in 1861, called upon "all conservative people" to withstand the "abolition frenzy" of ABRAHAM LINCOLN in undertaking "to coerce Sovereign States," now entreat the same people to call upon the Executive power to seize the Government.

This is a curious illustration of the fact that the devotees of slavery, which is a system of brute force and blood and crime, have neither the least conception of a popular government, nor the least faith in any methods but those of the sword. Congress passes a law to protect the equal rights of all citizens of every color in the United States; and GARRETT DAVIS, bred in the politics of slavery, thereupon declares—not that he will try to influence public opinion to procure a repeal of the law—but that he will devote the feeble remnant of his life to overthrowing the Government. SAULSBURY of Delaware, another graduate of the same school, more or less soberly announces that his constituents will resist the law to the last. The New York *Daily News*, which rejoiced at every bloody victory of rebels over loyal citizens, exhorts the President to shed the blood of loyal representatives. The New York *World*, whose sympathy with the rebellion was masked but not concealed, whose Presidential platform declared the war a failure, and whose fierce vituperation of ABRAHAM LINCOLN and ANDREW JOHNSON in their fidelity to the Union is historical, begs President JOHNSON to disregard his oath; and the Chicago *Times*, the deadly foe of the Union and of equal rights, urges him to sweep Congress out like chaff.

These men and papers have no more idea of a Constitutional Government than New Zealanders. Like PRESTON BROOKS, a politician of their school, if they do not like an argument they are for knocking the advocate upon the head. If they do not like the laws, they are for instant revolution. If the President differs with Congress, he is to turn it out of doors; and if a Congress which they favored should differ with a President whom they did not like, they would urge Congress to hang him without delay. This was precisely the course of the late rebels. They were displeased with the result of an election, and they immediately rose in arms; and it is natural that those who either frankly or sneakingly defended them should invite a repetition of rebellion.

But the exquisitely humorous aspect of the matter is, that those who urge revolution as a remedy for legislation which they do not like, solemnly call themselves Conservatives. Large property holders, with people of regular industry and employment, and of small means will, of course, see and appreciate the advantages of such Conservatism. They have been evident in Mexico for the last forty years. They have been revealed in the condition of our own country during the last five years. They would be illustrated in England if, upon the passage of the pending Reform Bill, Lord DERBY and Mr. DISRAELI could persuade the Queen to order the army to turn Parliament into the street. Reduced to a plain statement the Conservative policy, as represented by the authorities we have named, is the deliberate destruction of our Government by the absorption of the whole system in the executive branch.

Now if any difference of opinion exists between the executive and legislative authorities the Constitution provides a lawful and peaceful remedy. In case of extremity, as of the veto, the President is to yield, and the will of Congress prevails. The reason of this is plain. The executive power is vested in a single person, whom ambition or fanaticism might tempt to overthrow the liberties of the people. But Congress *is* the people by their immediate representatives, and it is not supposable that they would conspire against themselves. To say that Congress, without the representation of the late rebel States, is not the people, is simply to say that we have had no lawful government for five years past. The nature of the executive power in our system is indicated by its name. It is the power that executes the will of the people, as expressed under certain conditions, through its representatives. If the elective agent of that power willfully opposes Congress he opposes the majority of the people whose will, lawfully expressed, is the rightful government of the country. The belated devotees of slavery, who call themselves Conservatives, and urge President JOHNSON to subvert the Government, know as little of him and of the American people and of a constitutional system as they did before the war.

THE PROSPECT UNDER THE LOAN BILL.

THE "Loan Bill" has become a law, and by that law the Secretary of the Treasury is expressly prohibited from canceling more than 2½ per cent. of the currency of the country before the next meeting of Congress. It is a substantial victory for the paper-money men, whose leaders are Messrs. JOHN SHERMAN of Ohio, THADDEUS STEVENS of Pennsylvania, and GEORGE BOUTWELL of Massachusetts—gentlemen whose patriotism can not be doubted, but who have done what they could, it seems to us, to postpone the resumption of specie payments, to perpetuate the degradation of the national currency, and to give a new lease of life to the speculation which is fattening at the cost of the great public of consumers. Whether we are correct or not, the market reports are there to tell.

With few exceptions, prices are as high as they were when gold was 200 and above. Roast beef sells at 28 cents against 15 before the war; veal at 27 or 29 as against 14 or 16; mutton at 18 or 20 as against 12 or 14; butter at 60 or 65 as against 22 or 27; coffee at 50 cents as against 25 or 30; cotton goods at 150 @ 200 per cent. advance; woolen goods at 100 @ 150 per cent. advance; boots and other manufactures from hides at 100 per cent. advance; sugar, spices, and groceries generally at 100 or 150 per cent. advance. Very few of these articles are lower than they were when gold was 200. It costs just as much to live now as it did in 1864–5, when the issue of the war was uncertain, and it was a problem whether the national currency was or was not going to follow in the wake of the Confederate shinplasters and Continental money. In some places living seems even higher than it was then. In this city the ship-carpenters, the calkers, and the car-drivers declare that they can not live on the wages which supported them in 1864–5, and have generally struck for an advance.

Now the main cause of the prevailing high prices is the redundancy of the currency, and—to use the jargon of the street—the "ease of money." High taxes, direct and indirect, have their effect, of course. But these exercise less influence upon prices than the condition of the money market. Money is worth less than 5 per cent. per annum in Wall Street. The consequence is that all the National Banks are begging speculators to take their money; and the next consequence is that cliques have been or are being formed in every article of merchandise for the purpose of forestalling the markets with the aid of these National Banks. Cotton, beef, butter, dry goods, leather, hides, groceries are all controlled by cliques, which are buying up or have bought up the entire stocks in market, and are carrying them with the assistance of the National Banks. In this city alone the bank discounts have swelled from an average of $100,000,000 @ $120,000,000 before the war to $240,000,000 now. A similar expansion has taken place in other cities. The advance represents money loaned to speculators to hold produce, merchandise, and stocks. It is this bank accommodation which enables the speculators in beef, butter, dry goods, and leather to extort from the public double the old prices. Were the banks to curtail their discounts these speculators would be forced to disgorge, and prices would fall. So long as the banks can discount freely they will be sure to do so in order to earn large dividends, and the speculators will succeed in keeping up prices.

It was the purpose of the Secretary of the Treasury, by holding a rod over the head of these banks, to compel them to draw in their currency and diminish their discounts. Had he succeeded speculators in the necessaries of life would have been compelled to abandon their forestalling scheme, and prices would again have been governed by the old law of supply and demand. He failed; and the consequence is that speculators hold their property as firmly as ever, that prices rule as high as they did when GRANT was thundering at the gates of Richmond, and that mechanics are compelled, in this hour of expected contraction, to strike for higher wages.

As for the Secretary of the Treasury, he has a plain duty to perform. He is empowered to exchange long bonds for short date securities in any quantity, and he is not restricted as to the price at which he may sell his bonds. He should act upon this authority without delay. Not an hour should be lost in funding the outstanding debt and deposit certificates, and the interest-bearing legal tender. The absorption of these troublesome liabilities would place the Treasury Department in an independent position, and would inevitably bring the National Banks to such a realizing sense of their danger as would compel at least some of them to initiate the policy of contraction. This measure might properly be followed by an exchange of long bonds for Seven-Thirties. But no time should be lost in inaugurating the policy of contraction. Every hour of delay inflicts loss on the public, and enriches speculators. Every day that is lost swells the ranks of the men who are inclined to hold the dominant party responsible for the great cost of living.

Men of all parties can not too soon or too plainly perceive that hereafter political issues are to be joined on substantial and material questions—and especially on questions of taxation. The people of the United States are paying this year fully $17 per head in taxes—a heavier sum than is borne by any other people. This tax is laid, indeed, to discharge a debt generously incurred for the noblest cause, and no man who understands that every thing valuable to him and his children was secured by it, will grudge its payment. But the redundancy of the currency, the number of National Banks, and their excessive discounts, have swelled the cost of living to twice the average prior to 1860. This is a burden which we all wish to shake off as soon as practicable. The longer it is borne the louder will be the demand for relief. The taxes, indeed, would weigh less heavily if the cost of living were reduced, and speculators were deprived of their present facilities for forestalling the markets. We might perhaps agree to pay 65 cents for butter and $12 for boots if we were relieved from an income tax of 5 @ 10 per cent. But no patriotic party or statesman ought to expect or desire the country to endure for more than the shortest time the great increase in the cost of living caused by the redundance of the currency, and the necessarily heavy taxes. Even the great Union party which carried the country safely through the late war and restored the flag of the Union "without the loss of a single star," could not hope to retain its present ascendency except by surely and steadily relieving the public burden.

We think Congress has made a serious mistake; and it remains for the Secretary of the Treasury to do what he can to check the expansion of the National Banks, and to bring down the cost of living. And it behooves him to lose no time in beginning the work.

A GOOD UNION VIEW.

IT was certainly a very questionable compliment that was offered to President JOHNSON in Mobile when, at a late dinner, his health was drunk with that of "President DAVIS." Of course the proposer of the sentiment had been a rebel. But we observe that in Kentucky a Union man, Colonel B. H. BRISTOW, who was a LINCOLN and JOHNSON elector, pays no such doubtful honors to the President. He proposes to associate his name with Mr. LINCOLN'S.

At the late Soldiers' Convention Governor BRAMLETTE reported a resolution approving the policy of President JOHNSON, saying that the resolution did not commit the Convention to any man or party, nor was it "an indorsement of any Tylerization," but simply asserted the principles for which the soldiers had fought. He used Mr. JOHNSON'S name, he said, merely to designate a policy. Thereupon Colonel BRISTOW said:

> "I move to amend by adding at the close, 'understanding it to be the fixed and cherished policy of his lamented predecessor ABRAHAM LINCOLN.' No man in this country had more of my love, respect, and veneration than Mr. LINCOLN. If we must have Mr. JOHNSON'S name in the resolution, let us have Mr. LINCOLN'S too. If, as I understand Mr. JOHNSON, he is carrying out the policy of Mr. LINCOLN, I am for Mr. JOHNSON. With this express understanding I indorse JOHNSON, but I will not indorse him in the language of every rebel meeting in Kentucky, nor in the way of those who, while they indorse him, reassert the fundamental and originating principles of the rebellion, the miserable, abominable, and infamous resolutions of '98."

It is surely a fair question whether the Mobile toast coupled President JOHNSON'S name with that of JEFFERSON DAVIS because he was supposed to be carrying out the policy of Mr. LINCOLN.

THE AUGEAN STABLE.

THE Board of Health has gone to work in earnest, and has therefore undoubtedly discovered what a task it has undertaken. When we lay in our civic misery and filth, helpless and hopeless, and saw the cholera making ready to fall upon us, the news of the appointment of the Board was like a voice of succor. The Commissioners appointed were excellent and satisfactory. They lost no time, and called for nuisances to abate. The nuisances have answered with alacrity. They have appeared in hosts and clouds. They are every where. This was the first step, and it was not difficult. In the city of New York to find a nuisance was about the easiest task to which an inquirer with a nose, a pair of eyes, and a pocket could be called.

But having found the nuisance, how to abate it is a different question; and that is the one which presented itself to the Board directly upon the heels of the first. And it is the consideration of this question which should temper the expectations of the public, and prevent an unreasonable reaction against the Board in consequence of the small apparent results of their efforts—a reaction which is all the more probable from the enthusiastic welcome which hailed the creation of the Board.

Among the chief nuisances and dangers of the city are the markets down town and the tenement-houses. Nothing is easier than for the Board to see this—nothing can be more desirable than a distinct order that these abominations shall be regulated or annihilated. Certainly; let the command be uttered in the most uncompromising voice. And then how is it to be done? Some of the inspectors have reported a certain range of buildings, a horrible slum in which human beings wallow. "Shut it up," says the Board. And the people who are turned out? Are they to encamp in the streets or retreat to other slums? There are hundreds and thousands of people in New York to-day whose habitations endanger the health of the city. They should be unhoused immediately for the general welfare. Where are they to stay meanwhile?

So with the markets. The testimony concerning the Washington Market confirms what every man knows who has seen it. It is in every way a nuisance and a peril. Mr. A. T. STEWART said lately before the Committee at Albany, that, in his judgment, Broadway could be much relieved of its pressure if the markets were moved up town, and the great steamer piers also. There is no doubt of it. But the horrible accumulations of the Washington Market should be removed now, and how long will it take to erect new buildings up town? There is an open lot up town below the neighboring level. The surrounding region has been drained into it until it has become a cesspool offending earth and heaven. The Board order the drainage into it to cease. It is thereupon stopped, but the refuse of the houses which fed it is emptied as slops into the street at each front-door,

while the line of the new sewerage which will finally relieve the difficulty lies directly through solid rock, and the work can not be finished to-morrow. In the mean time the neighborhood and the city must suffer, nor can any Board help it.

The city must suffer, for the sins of the fathers are visited upon the second and third generations, and in our case those generations make the sins three and four times as bad. The necessity for the vast work of sewerage which is now going on in the city is occasioned by the foolish and ignorant system of laying out the city, and that again is due to intrusting the municipal management to ignorant and rapacious men. Commissioners, for instance, appointed to open streets, receive three dollars for every meeting whether they attend or not. A man may be appointed upon ten or twenty such Commissions and receive payment for all. Is it surprising that there are some streets the laying out of which involves such difficulties that Commissioners have been sitting upon the subject *for five years*, at the rate of three dollars for every meeting at which they are absent or present, and can not yet determine to open the streets and close their pockets?

A Health Board that undertakes to deal with a city of this kind has begun upon the Augean Stable. The City Government itself is the chief nuisance, and the horrible slums and filth and poor drainage are but secondary evils. It is pleasant to see that the Board goes to its work like a Hercules, for nothing but Herculean resolution and labor can insure success.

OUR ARTISTS IN THE SOUTH.

THE sketches which we give on our first page are the first of a series of illustrations which we propose to give of the characteristic aspects of life in the Southern States, whether in the city or on the plantation. We have for this purpose a corps of special artists in those States, who have had years of experience in the special class of duties which they have undertaken, and who understand the peculiarities both of the region and of the people. During the war these artists have followed our armies, and have furnished the public through the pages of this paper with illustrations of the great conflict so graphic and faithful that they will be appreciated as long as our history shall be read. The battles are over now; but their results remain—results how different from those contemplated by the late rebel leaders! Those leaders, indeed, have failed to revolutionize the United States Government, but they have most certainly succeeded in revolutionizing the southern part of the country.

Yet the desolation which the war has wrought is not irretrievable. A country so purely agricultural in all its interests as the southern section of the republic soon recovers even from the most terrible shocks of war. There is, in such a case, no vast and complex system of commerce to be re-established, for there was no such system to be overturned or interrupted by the war. The cities which suffered were few in number, and as they were simply great agricultural emporiums they will speedily recover their former importance and wealth, while a single crop will almost redeem the plantations from their present chaos of ruin.

But that which *is* irretrievable by any possible human means is the social revolution which the war has accomplished. It is a revolution both of society and political economy. With slave labor a chief element of the power of the aristocratic classes of the Southern States has vanished. Not only has the slave been freed, but all labor in those States has risen from a position of degradation to one of honor, and therefore of power. An attempt will doubtless be made and persisted in on the part of those who have formerly monopolized respectability and power to retain so much of their feudal estate as the war seems to have left them; but this is only clinging to shadows. The new impulse given to the laboring interest by its rehabilitation in the South will lead to the development of the many resources of that country, and to the establishment of commerce and manufactures on an extended scale. Gradually, but surely, the unambitious dwellings of the laborers will overawe the mansions of the wealthy planters, and there will rise to the political surface new men with new ideas to represent and give empire to this new interest. It is not in our present Congress that this great contest is to be determined, but in the Southern States themselves, and upon the very fields where the prelusive conflict of arms was fought that has made this second and more significant struggle possible.

With pen and pencil we shall follow this contest through its successive stages. For the present the elements are confused and but dimly shaped. It is like the rising of a new world from chaos. To us the late Slave States seem now almost like a newly-discovered country. For the first time we ask earnestly: What are their resources and opportunities? How has the great earthquake left them—with what marks of ruin upon their cities and fields—with what changes of a social and political character? We shall leave to our artists the task of answering these absorbing questions, so far as it is possible to answer them by means of pictorial representations.

HOW MUCH SHALL WE EAT?

THE fact, so commonly observed, that some eat much less than others, and yet are equally well nourished, although performing an equal amount of both bodily and mental labor, seems to show that eating too much is a common fault. Perhaps we may say that in this country of plenty most of the well-conditioned eat too much, the question very often being, how much can the stomach and the system conveniently bear? But we would not have one go to the other extreme, and seek to know how little food the system can get along with, and be in a comfortable condition. The true question is, how much does the system require to keep it in a vigorous condition? And in deciding this every rational man will be governed mostly by the natural indication spoken of in a previous article. This obedience to instinct implies little thought; and the truth is that the less thought we have about the matter, provided it be properly settled, the better.

What now, let us inquire, are the results of eating too much? These are seen both in the stomach itself and in the system at large. The stomach, however well it may habituate itself to do the extraordinary work put upon it, is gradually impaired in its powers, and therefore becomes liable to various derangements. These may be removed for the time being by diminution of the work of the organ, assisted perhaps by some medicine. But the evil recurring many times, there may be at length positive irremediable disease. If, as is perhaps more often the case, the stomach, though liable to frequent derangements, maintains tolerably well its vigor, results of a more or less marked character will nevertheless appear in the system. The primary result is the supply of more material for growth and repair than is needed; that is, too much blood is made. There is, therefore, a clogged state of the system. Various results come from this, according to concurring circumstances. The effect may be general, giving too much bulk in proportion to vigor. There is a certain tissue called cellular membrane, which acts every where as a sort of packing material, lying therefore under the skin, between muscles, about organs, between streets of other tissues, and even between their fibres; and in those who take too much nutriment there is apt to be too much of this tissue, especially in some portions of the body, and the fat which is deposited in some localities in its cells is increased, sometimes very largely. Circumstances of a local character may also induce enlargement, or hypertrophy, as it is called, of some organ, as the heart or liver. With the overplus of blood, congestion—that is, local increase with partial detention or stagnation—is apt to occur; and even if this be slight and temporary, a frequent repetition will engender positive disease. With the general disturbance caused by the repletion, there is sometimes produced a degeneration of the structure of some organ, and of course an impairment of its function. There may be from this cause such a change in the heart as to stop at length suddenly its action, and produce death. Very often there is a combination of disease in the stomach itself with other local difficulties, or with the general derangement, all coming from the habitual overaction to which that organ is subjected. It would be an endless task to trace out all the results of overeating, but enough has been said to indicate in the general their nature and extent.

If now, on the other hand, too little food be taken the stomach does not perform the amount of labor for which it is naturally fitted, and therefore its vigor is impaired, just as is true of muscles that are not sufficiently exercised. But the results are most seen in the system at large. Not being adequately nourished, there is debility and deficient development. But besides there is depression occasioned by the lack of the genial influence of satiety. From all this there will arise various diseases of either a general or local character, or both combined. Poor feeding is a prolific source of disease in the abodes of poverty.

LITERARY.

DR. LIVINGSTONE's new book, "Narrative of an Expedition to the Zambesi," has just been republished in a handsome volume by the HARPERS. The extraordinary popularity of the author's previous work is sure to secure for this a welcome which its interest will justify. Of all the great African travelers of our time Dr. LIVINGSTONE chiefly displays a *moral* regard for the races and regions which he sees. His story is not a dull diary, or a scientific catalogue, or a colorless narrative. It is not only a delightful tale of adventure and discovery, but it is warm with the most generous humanity, and bright with the hues of a cheerful imagination. And there is peculiar timeliness for us in his observations and judgments upon the people themselves. The African race he considers to be of wonderfully persistent vitality, and in constitution and temperament remarkably fortunate. But centuries of barbarism have degraded them, as PRITCHARD describes that part of the Irish population to have been degraded which was driven back, generations ago, to the hills of Ulster and Connaught. Nor does he hope for any serious improvement upon the African continent until the slave-trade of the tribes is abolished.

The sixth and last volume of CARLYLE's "Frederick" is now published by the HARPERS. It is the completion of a work remarkable for research into the most vexatious and numerous documents and authorities and for extraordinary power of narration. We have already spoken of the general scope and execution of the work; but while every "reading man" will of course acknowledge its force, its humor, its pathos, and its insight, he will also confess a secret pain that all this power should have been expended upon this subject. He will read it as the work of a master in English literature, but he will discover that even CARLYLE can not make a hero of FREDERICK the Great.

Another famous traveler, Mr. BAYARD TAYLOR, is winning fresh laurels in a new field. His "Story of Kennett," just published by HURD & HOUGHTON, is the last in a long series of popular works, but none of them all is surer of a wider welcome or longer date. It is an interesting, characteristic, and delightful story. The scene is laid at the close of the last century, in and around Kennett Square, in Pennsylvania, close upon the Delaware line. It is the landscape in which the author was born. The traditions of the story were familiar to his boyhood, and in weaving them together in his book he offers a tender tribute to his home and its associations. The literary art with which the work is constructed is very striking. The characters are all actors in the plot, and all the incidents move symmetrically to the end. The plot is stirring and exciting, but a soft air of rural remoteness and repose envelops the story like a tranquil atmosphere brooding over the uplands and meadows of Kennett. The characters are strongly drawn, and the Quaker heroine is one of the truest women whom we have lately encountered in fiction. If the reader remembers Hannah Thurston a little doubtfully or unkindly, let him know Martha Deane, and he will learn

> "How divine a thing
> A woman may be made."

The work has evidently been a labor of love. The details are wrought with fidelity and skill, and "The Story of Kennett" is undoubtedly Mr. TAYLOR's best book.

The HARPERS have issued VICTOR HUGO's new novel, the "Toilers of the Sea." It has the same peculiarities as "Les Misérables," without the discursive and baffling episodes of that book, and is as full of extravagance and wild, exciting romance, and of that crackling brilliancy of rhetoric for which the author is famous. The tale is of the sea and shore, of love and crime, of the ideally best and worst characters, and it has an absorbing melodramatic interest. Of course it is sensational, for it is VICTOR HUGO's. The wonderful eye for situations, which was remarkable in "Nôtre Dame" thirty years ago, is still as remarkable in the "Toilers of the Sea;" and the curious miscellany of knowledge, not alway accurate, which was observable in "Les Misérables," is also here. To us there is no indication in it of failing fire in a talent never remarkable for the profoundest sincerity, and if the concluding scene is preposterous it is certainly powerful.

The April Number of the *North American Review*, published by TICKNOR & FIELDS, is in dimensions a book, and in contents a timely and valuable book. There is not an article in it which is not worthy of careful attention. The one that will be most widely read probably is Mr. PARTON's paper upon Journalism and the New York *Herald*. This is most readable, trenchant, and we think, upon the whole, and with considerable modification, true. It is certainly a fine piece of criticism. Its praise and its censure are equally unpartisan, and it perfectly illustrates the spirit which it urges upon journalists. Mr. PARTON's paper upon Henry Clay, in the January Number of the Review, was so good that we are surprised it has not been more generally mentioned. The article upon Character is plainly Mr. EMERSON's, and is especially interesting as a clear and vigorous reply to the question so often asked, "What is his religious faith?" It has all his antique nobility of thought and exquisite felicity of phrase. CARLYLE's genius and position are treated with severe insight by Mr. LOWELL, who also comments with racy good sense upon the President on the stump. Mr. NORTON's review of the latest English translators of Dante is the work of a thoroughly accomplished Dantean, and delicately discriminates the value of the illustrations he presents. To every student of literature it is a very valuable paper. The contributions upon "Our Diplomacy During the Rebellion," "The Error of De Tocqueville," "Military Law," and "International Arbitration," keep rank with those that we ha[ve m]entioned; and the reader will find that more time[l]y topics ha[v]e seldom been more vigorously and satisfactorily discussed than in this Number of the *North American*.

The first volume of "Harper's Pictorial History of the Great Rebellion," by ALFRED H. GUERNSEY and HENRY M. ALDEN, is now published. It is a large folio of nearly four hundred pages, and contains as much matter as five ordinary octavo volumes. The authors hope within a few months to finish the work in a volume of similar size. This history is the result of the most extensive and untiring research, and is elaborated with the most patient accuracy. The striking paper in the April Number of *Harper's Magazine* upon the Seven Days' Battles before Richmond comprised part of one of the chapters of the work, and illustrates its careful fidelity. The close of the war has opened valuable sources of information hitherto unattainable. These have been carefully explored, and the work is completed to the end of the Peninsular Campaign of 1862. Its style is simple; its temper admirable. Firm in their faith both in the power of the Union and in the entire justice of its cause, the authors are candid and reasonable toward its enemies. They treat of men and events neither with partiality nor acrimony, seeking historical truth and not partisan triumph. The profuse illustrations, including maps and plans, with scenes and incidents and portraits, give Harper's History a unique interest and value as the family history of the war.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

April 10:

In the Senate, the bill to grant one hundred thousand acres of the public land to aid in constructing a ship canal from Lake Superior to Lac La Belle, in the State of Michigan, was passed. Also the bill granting land to aid in the construction of the Southern Minnesota Railroad.

In the House, Mr. Raymond, from the Committee on Foreign Affairs, reported a resolution, which was adopted, requesting the President to inform the House what steps have been taken to protect the rights and interests of American citizens in the fishing grounds adjacent to the British Provinces, and whether any legislation or other action on the part of Congress is, in his judgment, necessary to secure those rights and interests, in consequence of the abrogation of the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854.—The Bankrupt Bill came up on the motion to reconsider the vote by which it was rejected a week since. A reconsideration was carried, but on reaching the main question the bill was lost—yeas 70, nays 73.—A bill authorizing the coinage of five-cent pieces was passed.

April 11:

In the Senate, Mr. Wilson introduced a resolution to prohibit the sale of spirituous liquors in the Capitol building, which was adopted—yeas 33, nays 2.

In the House, the bill appropriating $7,000,000 to the State of Missouri for money expended for military expenses during the late war was passed, after receiving some amendments, by a vote of 68 to 25.

April 12:

In the Senate, the bill to reimburse the State of Missouri for war expenses was called up, and the House amendments concurred in.—The bill authorizing the remission of duties on produce shipped from one port of the United States to another *viâ* Canada was passed and goes to the House.—Mr. Stewart introduced a resolution for the following Constitutional Amendment:

ARTICLE —. *Sec.* 1. All discriminations among the people because of race, color, or previous condition of servitude, either in civil rights or in the right of suffrage, are prohibited—but the States may exempt persons now voters from restrictions on suffrage hereafter imposed.

Sec. 2. Obligations incurred in aid of the insurrection or of war against the Union, and claims for compensation for slaves emancipated are void, and shall not be assumed or paid by any State or by the United States.

To this was appended a resolution to admit the Southern Representatives after the ratification of this amendment.—The Senate then proceeded to the usual memorial honors to the late Senator Foot.

In the House, the bill authorizing the transfer of a gunboat to the Republic of Liberia was passed. The Senate joint resolution providing against the immigration of foreign convicts was next considered and passed.—The concurrent resolution prohibiting the sale of spirituous liquors in the Capitol was taken from the Speaker's table, and, after considerable discussion, adopted.—The Senate bill appropriating $25,000 for the relief of destitute persons in the District of Columbia, to be expended under the direction of the Freedmen's Bureau, was passed by a vote of 100 to 24.

April 13:

In both Houses, the report of the Conference Committee on the Naval Appropriation bill was agreed to.

April 14:

In the House, Mr. Garfield made some appropriate and eloquent remarks preliminary to moving an adjournment in respect to the memory of Mr. Lincoln, assassinated April 14, 1865.

NEW YORK STATE LEGISLATURE.

April 10:

In the Senate, the Assembly amendments to the Brooklyn Metropolitan Railway Bill were concurred in. The following bills were passed: Regulating and increasing the salaries of members of the Metropolitan Police Force; for the relief of the Society for the protection of destitute Roman Catholic children in New York; incorporating the Mercantile Library Association of New York.

April 11:

In the Senate, the following bills were passed: Amending the charter of Brooklyn—it relates to the cleaning and improvement of the streets; authorizing the extension of the Dry Dock and East Broadway and Battery Railroad; to provide for the appointment of an additional number of 100 Notaries Public in and for the City of New York; to make more comprehensive the act for the benefit of married women in insuring the lives of their husbands; to repeal the soldiers' voting law.

April 13:

In the Senate, the New York Elevated Railroad Bill was tabled.

In the Assembly, Resolutions in respect to the memory of the late Daniel S. Dickinson were unanimously adopted. The New York County Tax Levy Bill passed to a third reading. The item of $186,000 for the Harlem Bridge was retained.

April 14:

In the Senate, the bill authorizing the taxation of bank stock.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE exciting foreign topic is still the German quarrel. The balance of probabilities seems to be in favor of war. Every thing, however, seems to d[e]pe[n]d upon Von Bismarck's power to secure a hearty co-operation of the minor German States. On March 24 Bismarck addressed a circular to all the minor German States. This circular states that Austria, without any provocation on the part of Prussia, has ordered armaments of a threatening character, which compel the latter power to arm also on her side. Prussia must now seek guarantees for her security, having vainly endeavored to obtain them in an alliance with Austria. The German policy of Prussia and the feelings of the King induce her to seek these guarantees first in Germany. The present organization of the Federal Constitution does not, however, permit of an active part being taken by Germany in any emergency, even with the best intentions on the part of the different governments. Prussia must, therefore, continues the note, propose a reform of the Federal Constitution adapted to the present state of affairs. This course is the more incumbent upon Prussia, since even from her geographical position alone her interests are identical with the interests of Germany. The destiny of Prussia is intimately connected with that of Germany. Count Bismarck asks, in conclusion, how far Prussia can rely upon the support of the different governments in the event of her being attacked by Austria, or being compelled by threats from that power to make war.

Queen Victoria, on March 28, addressed from Windsor Castle to George Peabody, the munificent American banker, a very graceful letter in appreciation of his gift to the London poor. The London *Times* says of this: "In such a signal mark of gratitude from the Queen, Mr. Peabody has, we think, received a far higher honor than could have been conveyed by any mere title. Mr. Peabody has done more to foster among us a kindly feeling for his countrymen than could have been effected by a generation of statesmen, and her Majesty's letter will, we hope, be received by the Americans as a conspicuous evidence of the friendly regard toward them which such acts have called forth on our part."

The funeral of Marie Amelie, ex-Queen of France, took place on the 3d inst. in the presence of a large number of Frenchmen. By her own express command, says the reporter of the London *Times*, she wears in death the gown she wore while leaving Paris on the fatal 22d of February, carefully preserved for the occasion, and the mourning cap of her widowhood.

Protestants in Italy are, it seems, becoming the victims of atrocious massacre. In regard to the late massacre in Barletta an Italian paper says:

"Three houses burned and six persons killed. I visited the ruins this morning, and the families of some of the victims. I will not dwell on the painful impression produced by the blackened walls and broken furniture, the traces of blood still visible on walls and pavement, and the grief of weeping orphans; I will limit myself to facts. It appears that the Lent preachers, instead of exciting the faithful to repentance, regularly preached hatred to the Protestants, representing their destruction as a necessary work, good and agreeable in the sight of a God of love. No wonder if such bad seed produced abominable fruit. But it appears that politics and reaction were combined with religious motives. I am assured that one hundred and fifteen houses were doomed to sack and fire, and that a list of them is in the hands of justice. Be that as it may, on Monday, the 19th inst., a horde of fanatics entered the house in which the Evangelical meetings are held, killed in cold blood two brothers who fell into their hands, smashed every thing in the house, and set fire to it. The proprietor and the preacher escaped over the roof, and I am happy to say that the latter found shelter in the house of the Canon Gabriel Rizzi. The conduct of the National Guard can not be too severely blamed. The meeting-house is not more than thirty metres from their post, and the butchery took place literally before their eyes, without their stirring a finger to prevent it. For two hours the mob of fanatics did what it pleased, and during that time it burned three houses and killed five persons. A sixth died yesterday of his wounds. The number of wounded is great, but the list is not yet complete. Besides the priest Ruggieri Postiglione, two other priests, a monk, and more than two hundred persons are already incarcerated, and fresh arrests are being constantly made."

THE ISLAND OF SANTORIN, GREEK ARCHIPELAGO, WITH THE SUBMARINE VOLCANO.—[SEE PAGE 263.

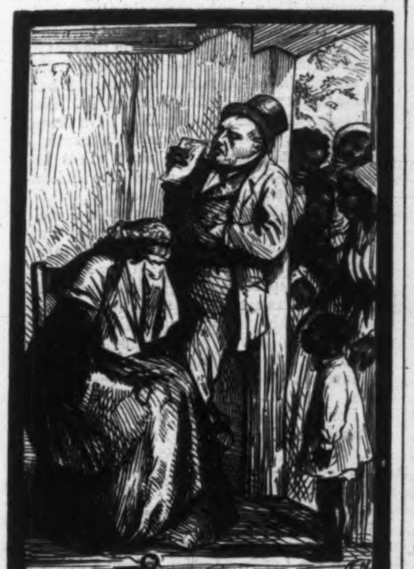
[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

INSIDE.

A CHRONICLE OF SECESSION.

By George F. Harrington.

IN TWENTY-FOUR CHAPTERS.



TOM IS DEAD!

CHAPTER XVI.

"Weary? Yes, even unto death, but that is it. Yes, let us ride up to the Pines and spend a week or so with Paul up there. A plain, rough man is Paul, but a sincere and thoroughly sensible one. He lives in rude fashion, but will give us a hearty welcome. We will try to forget for a while there the very existence of Tim Lamum—we shall have to get a pass from him, by-the-by—Dr. Peel, Secession, and the Somerville *Star*."

It is Guy Brooks who makes the suggestion, to which Mr. Arthur eagerly consents.

"I never was in better health in my life," he adds, standing erect as a grenadier, and slapping his hands upon his breast. "When I get fairly into my studies I take to them with keener zest than I ever did before—to get into them from Secession is the thing. If one could only get away for a while, off say among the Esquimaux, I could shout there 'Down with Davis!' till the blue icebergs rang again. Since, like the starling, I can't get out, I could roll myself up like a hedgehog and sleep for six months—such weariness, such intense anxiety, and for so long now."

"Ah, that is a weakness!" remonstrates the lawyer. "We are at our post, and must stand manfully there!" As if he himself did not require to be often rebuked by his friend—the Federals are so long, so very long in coming—for despondency and impatience.

"I know it, since I say it to myself several dozen times a day, but the flesh is weak; Country, Church of God, Civilization even, so suddenly swept from under one. Truth, Justice, Providence itself, gone. Only, all of it my own miserable lack of faith under trial. One will lapse a little when the weather is gloomy, when some special wickedness comes to mind, when Secession gains some great victory, when the North seems to halt, perhaps fall—who knows out here?—in its work, the greatest work, Guy Brooks, Esq.," adds Edward Arthur, boldly, "ever given a nation to do since the world began!"

And this is astounding language for even a Union man at the South to use at this period; think it he may, perhaps, but say such a thing aloud? No. "If one," he continues, "was only where one could *do* any thing."

"You are doing something," placid Mrs. Sorel had said to him months before, when he had ventured a like remark to her over the supper-table. The truth is, one *must* have some one to unbosom one's self to, especially in periods of great trial, and by this time Mrs. Sorel had become to her guest as a mother.

Robby has left the table before this. They would not mind speaking before him, however, for he rarely goes to Somerville except on Sunday with his mother; and when he is there he has learned, from experience, to evade the attempts to draw information from him in regard to his friends—attempts which not only Mrs. Warner but even Dr. Ginnis and Brother Barker have not disdained to make. You can teach a child silence on a given topic sooner than you can teach him to read—try it. Besides, Mr. Arthur and Mrs. Sorel had thoroughly instructed Robby in the whole quarrel. No more devoted Union man in the world than Robby.

"If we only knew it," she had then replied, "we would see that the silent influences are ever the most powerful. What so powerful as light and heat, yet what so utterly without sound! You have quietly, but from the outset, occupied a position of solemn protest against the rebellion—sermon, prayers, conversation, very existence in Somerville, all an influence unswervingly against it."

"I have tried to urge in every way I could," Mr. Arthur then said, "the supremacy of Heaven in this matter, as in every thing else; that we are being chastised for some great and good end of God."

"That angry prayers are never heard, that trust in men is vain, that violence of speech and feeling is unchristian. I have never said so before, nor would I now but to encourage you," adds quiet Mrs. Sorel; "but your very contrast to Mr. Barker all the time is an influence in Somerville for good."

"Could Christian men outside the South, at the North, in England say, know my course, I think it would meet their cordial approval; I do think I would have the sympathy of the wisest and best of my generation. In any case," added Mr. Arthur, "I have the hearty approval of my own conscience, though deserted by so many who once esteemed me."

The fact is, he pursued the course he did because any other was simply impossible.

"I do not make my conscience a law to any other man living," he reasoned with Mrs. Sorel; "but neither can I make the conscience of any other a law to me. My own deliberate conviction I *must* follow, even though it leads me to 'a traitor's rope,' as Mrs. Warner says."

More than he knows it, too, is there growing up in him one great hope. From the hour she had first burst upon him in her mother's parlor a glowing school-girl, swinging her sun-bonnet in her hand by its long strings, his love for Alice, very foolish in him as it was, certainly, had grown up into an absorbing affection. None the less that he rarely met her. He was a Union man; Mrs. Bowles knew it, and was of opinions exceedingly contrary: not for worlds, not for Alice even, would he intrude unwelcome. When he did visit Mrs. Bowles, too genuinely a lady to allude to the war save in general terms, she confined herself to Rutledge Bowles, whose letters few and far apart was the food of her mind and the fountain of her speech. Rutledge Bowles, to Mrs. Bowles South Carolina incarnate, was very often in trouble in these days; his letters were full of it: eternally seceding from Secession right and left, east, west, south—almost, in times of peculiar injustice to him, north even, rather than stand it.

Mr. Arthur often met Alice when at her mother's, never alone, however. Sewing beside her mother, on some one, generally, of the war garments so perpetually demanded in the Somerville *Star*; or playing old music, or reading old books—there were no magazines or new books now. He had a fancy that a blush tinged her smile at their meeting. Did he not see her also as a teacher in the diminished Sabbath-school? Alas, poor human nature! his chief happiness on these Sabbaths is to meet Alice at Sabbath-school, even though mere sight and casual greeting was all.

Her mother never attended church now, for Mr. Arthur would *not* pray for the Confederacy. But the preacher was aware all the service through of one sweet face down the aisle, down too far away toward the door. The solemn fact is, he selected his weekly text, and wrote every line of his sermon almost as much for her as if it had been a letter. Had not Alice become a communicant just before Secession? How much or how little through his means he never dared ask himself.

Long ago, if Secession had not come in, would he have learned his fate at her hands. Yet he believed—that is, he hoped—I mean, he felt assured— However, for the present, wait. Perhaps when the end comes she will see how right I was all along—even her mother may. Not without terrible apprehensions meantime of the young gentlemen in gray clothing and brass buttons who frequented Mrs. Bowles's hospitable parlor, rode with her, took her to parties. But if a man is not to be governed by his own intuition of the wisest, happiest course, what is left him to do? So far, his unwavering intuition is—wait. But it is for something considerably more to him than the re-establishment of the Union that he yearns in looking to the end. Besides, he says, if I was to learn certainly that I have no hope with her, this, with the other trials, will be too great a blow to bear. Let the hope live, if only to sustain me through these dark days.

Perhaps it is as well he does not know of the letter Alice receives these days from her brother. It is soon after his ordeal before Tim Lamum—the first but not the last of that dynasty. Rutledge Bowles writes his sister that he has received a letter to the effect that she is being addressed by a Mr. Arthur, a Union man! Could it have been Mrs. Warner? Surely not Mr. Neely? For these are, both of them, too sharp not to know the kind of epistle Rutledge Bowles will write to his sister, with the effect upon her of that epistle.

He can conjecture the possibility of some such letter to her from her brother weeks after, however. He, too, is favored with one from the young Carolinian. Such a letter that, after reading the first few lines, he refolds it, places it again in its envelope so redirected as to go back to its author, and drops it in the letter-box of the Post-office. This does not diminish the pride of his attitude toward the one he loves most of all the world. Not without a medicinal virtue to him is that letter, a counter-irritant to the other inflammation of Secession.

And thus does, even on this fair young girl, the great question press heavier every day. No neutral ground between the old era and the new. One opinion or the other. And to the opinion you adopt must be given your whole heart also. The past is forever gone; as to the future, choose!

But by a determined effort Edward Arthur throws every painful thought from him down upon the west wind, blowing full upon and past him, as he rides away from Somerville this August morning beside Guy Brooks, on their way to the Pines. Riding avowedly away from Secession, conversation, however, on all other topics droops and dies before they have got ten miles out from Somerville.

"One of my old clients that was that stopped me as we were mounting," said the lawyer at last. "He was telling me that he had escaped the ranks by working in a powder-mill. I told him he had better have gone into battle at once. At least a dozen of their trumpery powder-mills have blown up in this section. Villainous—"

"My dear Sir," remonstrates his companion, "do let us forget Secession for a while. We must, or we shall lose our wits. If a cow gives a shake of her bell at night lying by the calf-lot at Mrs. Sorel's, it wakes me instantly out of the deepest sleep to imagine it the Somerville bells over some great victory. I am perpetually fancying I hear the sound of distant cannon on the west wind. If I hear a shot-gun, I say that man has heard some news. The distant crowing of a rooster has been to me more than once the far-off yelling of somebody for victory. I am positively reluctant to open the *Star*; it is like opening a letter with a black seal. In fact, I never ask the news of any but a Union man, because I know he will break any disastrous tidings to me in the gentlest possible way." Mr. Arthur laughs as he says it. "I never knew," he adds, "so well before what the command means to pray without ceasing. I never wake at night, never recur to the subject during the day, but it is with a prayer for the Union on my lips. You may laugh at me, but I never catch glimpse of a leading Secessionist, nor the house, child, or dog of one reminding me of him; never see a war-poster on the walls; never see a Government wagon, postage stamp—any thing that reminds me of the great crime, but what theologians call ejaculatory prayer burns on my tongue for its swift and utter destruction."

"Yes, may Heaven speedily crush the rebellion and give us back law, order, civilization, society, country, religion, ourselves. With all my soul, Amen!" adds the lawyer, to such lengths of disloyalty has he arrived. "However, don't tell the Provost Marshal I said so."

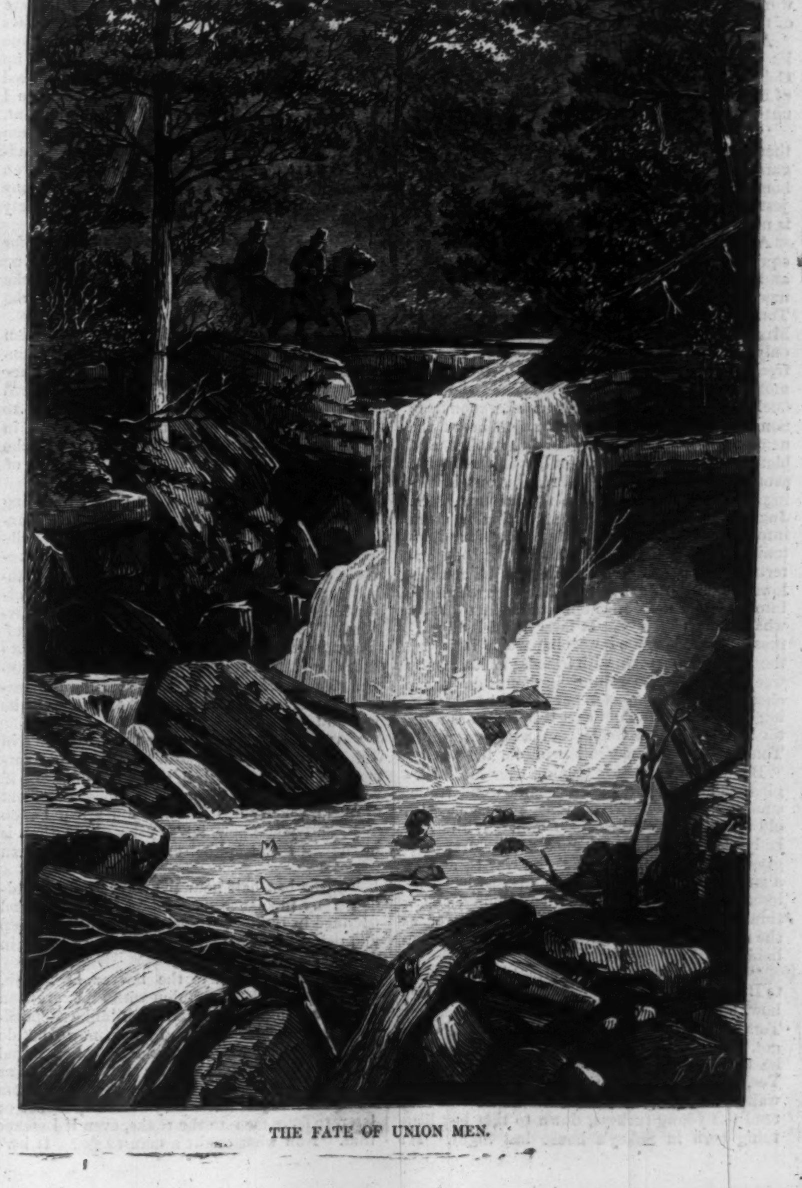
And it is note-worthy the manner in which Union men risk their lives in each other's hands in these days. Meet a stranger casually in a store, fall in with a respectable traveler along the road, the one topic is introduced as soon as the salutations are over, and, almost from the first syllable on either side, by tone, manner, bearing—the subtle Freemasonry which causes people who feel alike—lovers included—to be aware of the fact, especially when they feel very deeply, in half an hour the stranger and yourself have mutually placed a life in each other's hands if you both be Union in sentiment. Because there is no longer neutrality. The gulf has so deepened and widened by this time between the two opinions that there can be henceforth no passing and repassing. If you and your chance acquaintance are not Secessionists now, both of you are to the centre of your souls the opposite to that, and opposite to that forever.

"That client of mine," adds the lawyer, "was telling me the various shifts to escape conscription. Some have gone to tanning, and the sort of leather produced is a sight to see. Others have rushed into the making of salt, nitre, sulphur, shoe-pegs—any thing. Others are flying desperately around to get the required twenty scholars, to be exempted as teachers. One man, to my certain knowledge, exposes himself purposely to keep up a sufficient rheumatism. People suffer with rupture, neuralgia, and every other disease under heaven, to a degree unheard of. Many a man has suddenly proved to be many years older than his own wife ever imagined. I have heard of Campbellite congregations of late which have mutually ordained to the ministry every male member on their books—how true that is I don't say."

"What a mercy the comic *will* slip into even the most tragic!" puts in Mr. Arthur.

"There is that client of mine," continues Guy Brooks, "a poor, honest, hard-working man, with a wife in wretched health and a swarm of white-headed children. Jewet is his name—Silas Jewet—a fair specimen of really the most virtuous class in the country. All his life he has regarded Disunion with as much horror as a man can regard any thing which he considered impossible; Washington's Farewell Address, framed and glazed, is the only ornament there, hanging up against the wall of his cabin. A Democrat from his pine-wood cradle, idolizing Jackson for whipping the British at New Orleans, the United States Bank, and Nullification. This man wakes suddenly up to find Disunion a fact, and Jackson's alternative with South Carolina actually upon us. And *he* must leave bedridden wife and helpless children, a few rags of clothing, a little corn in the crib, a few pigs, perhaps an ox or two, their only supply, to be gone—he has no idea where nor for how long, and to fight for—Disunion! No alternative but to take his shotgun, strip himself almost to the skin for the use of his suffering family, and march off in a cause he abhors. Silas Jewet fighting for Colonel Ret Roberts, Tim Lamum, Colonel Juggins, and the like, that they may retain their negroes, slaves which they have jeopardized by their own mad folly in Secession!"

"And this going before board after board to be examined, displaying your hidden sores, concealed diseases, to move their pity and secure an exemption—tasting slavery ourselves to the very dregs to see how we like it, as Ferguson says. And all this the insolent triumphing over us of men, at least the most active and prominent among them, grog-shop politicians, bullies, and



THE FATE OF UNION MEN.

ruffians, the very sediment hitherto of society—" And the clergyman emphasizes his remark by stopping his words in full flow lest he should add what he ought not.

"The woods around his house, Silas Jewet says," adds the lawyer, "swarm with runaway negroes. Twice they have broken in, while he was away, upon his helpless family and stripped the cabin of all the little food there was in it. I couldn't advise him to run the country; he will lose every stick of what little he has got if he could move his family even. The woods are full of runaway whites as it is, naked, starving. That we should be brought to this—*we*, and for what?"

"I tell you, Sir," says Mr. Arthur, more calmly, "at first I regarded the deadly principle of Secession as the great sin, the cause and source of our suffering. Slavery I was born and raised with, and I never had any very definite idea in reference to it before. I have now. It is the accursed root of this accursed upas. Could any other than a wrong thing have destroyed our country as it has? Slavery is a sin, Sir; the judgments of Heaven now on us are God's wrath against us, North and South, just for this great sin. And to think that in the Church of God itself this sin has its last and strongest citadel; God's great institution for putting down sin in the land itself the most active and powerful engine for its establishment! When Heaven's only instrumentality for good to a people is thus not only powerless for good, but is actually the most efficient means in the land for the sin, no wonder He drops it as his instrumentality and draws the sword instead. And nothing less than God's awful judgments could open our eyes to the truth."

"See those two women in that field on your left?" asks Guy Brooks, interrupting his friend as they ride by a road-side cabin with its improvements. "Don't seem to notice them, but look at that largest one in the big yellow sunbonnet—one with the hoe. Any thing remarkable about her?"

"Not that I can see—why?"

"Well, nothing, only the one in the blue bonnet is Mrs. Peter Hook, and the other is—"

"Her sister, lately from Carolina. Yes; I stopped here to get a drink a few weeks ago. Mrs. Hook told me," says Mr. Arthur.

"You saw the sister—talked with her?" asked the lawyer, with a smile.

"N-n-no; she had just stepped out, Mrs. Hook said."

"Yes, and always has just stepped out, whoever calls. It's her husband, man!"

"Why, I asked after her husband," says astonished Mr. Arthur. "She told me she had a letter from him, in some regiment, somewhere. Was shot in the leg, or something of the sort. I remember I tried to encourage her. She said she hoped so, but feared not. And that other woman—"

"Don't look back. Not five people besides them know of it. Dare say he is used to the women's clothes by this time. Delightful state of things, isn't it?"

And while the friends ride thoughtfully on let us in this connection turn for an instant to Colonel Juggins's household, type and emblem of hundreds of thousands of households throughout the land.

"We ain't goin' on to *their* lot to interrupt them," had been Mrs. Juggins's reasoning in regard to the Yankees. "Why can't they stay at home? If they don't like ownin' niggers, well jest let them *not* own them. Our havin' hands is none of their business."

And very cheerfully indeed had Mrs. Juggins equipped Tom, when the war broke out, to go and help drive the Yankees back home. But news comes, months and months afterward, that Tom has been killed there in Virginia. Now Mrs. Juggins is a mother; Tom was her son, her only son. And a very ordinary youth, gawky, freckled, stolid, was Tom Juggins; but to his mother he was all the world. When the Colonel, coming back that disastrous afternoon from Somerville, after a dozen efforts to break the news to her, at last takes out the soiled and blotted letter from Henry Sorel, who was in the same company with him, and reads it out, breaking down a dozen times in the attempt, Mrs. Juggins's hands fall with the knitting in them into her lap with a first feeling of profound astonishment. Such a thing had never been entertained in her mind for an instant. Then follows the burst of grief, till all the negroes flock into the house from cabin and field to know what is the calamity. It lasts in all its bitterness for weeks; loud weeping when it is the theme of conversation with friends; silent, steady weeping, the tears rolling for hours down her cheek and sparkling upon her half-finished stocking as she knits. Tom as a baby, Tom as a little boy, Tom at school, Tom a grown youth, Tom as she last saw him leaving for the war.

But now a change is coming over Mrs. Juggins which perplexes her husband wonderfully, smoking his cob-pipe on long afternoons with old age suddenly fallen upon him. With every body else, long before Tom's death Mrs. Juggins has come to know that the war is, at last, a struggle for slavery. And since, as her grief loses, so to speak, its first personality, she is thinking the slavery question steadily over as she knits—no Tom to knit for now, but only from habit.

"You may say what you please," she remarks to Brother Barker, whose condolences are, somehow, singularly unacceptable to her, "but my Tom was more to me than all the hands *we've* got. I'd give up every black one *we've* got, God he knows, an' glad too, to get our Tom back. Yes, every one of them, from old Cudgo, that waited at my mother's wedding, and can only tend the young turkeys, down to that last little thing born in Sukey's house last night. It's them this fight is about. In my 'pinion one white man like my Tom is worth all the niggers in the world. The Colonel there, he says I mustn't say it; but I've always said, for one, all my life what I think, I don't care who knows it; and if any body else thinks slavery is worth all the men bein' killed and all the other ruin brought upon us for it, *I* don't. As to what you say about the Bible bein' for it, *may* be so; there's a sight of things connected with it. Many a time ever since I could remember I've asked myself— However, no matter, that's neither here nor there; but it seems to me a curious sort of thing for God to be for. For our Jesus Christ, say, to be for. Or I wonder if Tom's death is makin' me kind o' unsettled in mind, this slavery 'pears so dif'rent. An' you believe it *is* of God, *wise* an' *certain*, now?" she asks of Brother Barker with such eyes, as her hands fall with the knitting in them into her lap, that even that Brother, eager to reply, has queer sensations up his spine as he does so.

For his wife's practical sense Colonel Juggins has ever had the highest esteem, and her remarks to him when they are lying side by side under the dingy old tester, or when he is smoking his pipe, have opened a totally new train of thought in his mind. You see at the South we all took the institution as a matter of course from our birth. But many thousands are smoking the same thing in their pipes now. Is slavery worth the ruin it has caused? Could any other than a thing essentially *bad* have produced such ruin? Up to that date, however, very rarely did the universal thinking utter itself in words. Ah, it is too vast a result to be reached by other than much thinking, even though that thinking be quickened by swift-succeeding and tremendous events.

It was generally, though silently, agreed that it was not a good idea Brother Barker preaching that sermon on the Exodus from Egypt. True, an anonymous admirer requested it by note; he was hardly well through the discourse but Brother Barker suspected a trap, and he rages inwardly over it these days like a caged fox. For Mr. Arthur has been urging of late that the Almighty is pledged against all wrong as it exists in the world, now as ever, and has used, is using, and will use all elements and agencies for its overthrow.

"I confess I am uneasy in regard to Paul," Guy Brooks is remarking to his companion as they ride along, and after a lengthened silence. "I fear trouble is brewing up there in the Pines. There are many Union men living there. They have kept very quiet all this time, never expressing their opinions, at least except to each other, violating no law, staying as closely at home as possible about their business. As many as could have fled the State from conscription, and are scattered about wherever they can go, unable to hear from or assist their families. For myself I *don't* want to go into the Federal lines if I can help it! If I did I might be tempted to take the stump and tell those people, If you care so much for the slavery of the blacks, at least care something for the worse slavery of the whites among us, your own flesh and blood, and come and help us. I do think I could stir them up to move a little faster, to tell them of the accursed despotism under which we perish. But then I hate to leave, and I hate to go, on every account. Many Union men about the Pines have been shot from behind trees, hung along the roadside, sent out of the county in irons, Heaven knows where. This is the main reason of my going up now," adds the lawyer—"my anxiety in reference to Paul."

"That accounts," said his companion, "for those three columns of abuse of the citizens up there in the last Number of the *Star*. It is the most ferocious thing I have yet seen in the paper."

And it was. Mrs. Warner, who had fallen into the habit of reserving the strongest "documents" met with during the day to read to her unhappy husband at night, had accomplished two objects on the Doctor by the reading to him of that article, curdled the very blood in his veins, and convinced him that it was the production of a more frantic pen than that of Lamum—even Brother Barker's.

It charged the objects of its rage with being Abolitionists banded into a conspiracy to murder and rob in the pay of the Federals—describing its leader as the avowed infidel who had recently disturbed a peaceful congregation gathered together for the worship of God by intruding his blasphemous atrocities. "More hereafter." The paper added, "That a single one of these miserable traitors has escaped so long does little credit to the undoubted loyalty of the country. These are no times for the regular processes of the law; let the rifle and the rope do its just and speedy work upon them!"

"And Amen, say I," added Mrs. Warner in conclusion; "and I wouldn't wonder, Dr. Warner—ah, you needn't drop that head of yours, if you are one of this band of traitors, President of them, for what I know; you are a Union man, and you know it!" Viler abuse than is intended by that epithet even Mrs. Warner can not use.

For the last half hour the travelers have ridden along in silence, Guy Brooks with his head declined in thought—thought evidently so deep and painful that his friend hesitates to break in upon it by a syllable.

"Mr. Arthur," says the lawyer at length, looking up at his companion with an expression of deepest anxiety, yet almost childlike supplication, "you are my spiritual guide, now what do you say? You know Lamum has often urged upon the mob to murder me; I am as liable as any man to be shot, as so many have been, from behind a tree; besides, they are sure, sooner or later, to force me into the ranks, even if I escape that. Now what ought a man to do? It isn't that my business is broken up, that so many of my old friends have become personal enemies, that I sacrifice every cent I have on earth by going, that if I am caught on the way my life will be taken. What I hate is to desert the South, wrong as the South is. Then the idea of actually enlisting in the Federal army and systematically killing my own— If they would only let a man alone. I am not disobeying a law they have made, am doing nothing against their Confederacy. But the idea of actually fighting for this thing, and I know they'll force me in at last. I have fifty hands down on my place; but as to fighting for slavery! I don't say slavery is a sin or any thing of that sort, but as to fighting for it I can't, and I won't. God Almighty seems to be against it—any way I'm not going to fight for it or for the ruin of the South, which I know Secession to be. I hate, too, to leave you to struggle on, matters in the church getting worse every day. What do you say?"

The Kentucky lawyer has spoken with energy, turning in his saddle as he rides, and looking his friend full in the face. And it is not the first time the minister has been applied to for advice of the kind. Mothers and wives of members of his church, young men members also, had come to him: "What is my duty, Sir, as a Christian man in reference to escaping or enduring conscription—risk it, or escape, if I can, North, which?" Ah, how fervently had the pastor sought divine instruction in order to instruct others. What can he say? seek the guidance of Heaven in Scripture, prayer, and—Providence.

"It seems to me," he now said to his friend in conclusion, "that you should wait the plain indications of Providence. Don't act an instant before it is essential you should act. The fog opens only as we advance into it. Wait. Let your hand lie in that of your Heavenly Father. He will make it so plain you will not even hesitate when the time comes. 'Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thy heart: wait, I say, on the Lord.'"

We all know the Ruler of all uses devils in all their degrees to accomplish His purposes—devils damned already for centuries, and those not as yet in hell, as much as He does the angels in heaven, and those not yet arrived thither from earth. In fact, when you consider it, so far as things now are, it is of all His human instrumentalities the diabolical ones He most uses, these being so much the most numerous—ay, and energetic.

But the travelers have by this time reached a creek within a mile or two of the home of Paul Brooks. It is a wild and barren spot. The road runs along through deep sand and under pine-trees rearing their heads far above, intermingling their boughs there in unceasing whisperings; only the tapping of the woodpecker upon the dead branches relieving the steady murmur, now rising, now falling, overhead, with a surge as of the sounding sea. Riding slowly along through the solitude, conversing in low tones, they come immediately, and by a sudden turn of the road, upon the creek, which, running for a time parallel to the road, now rushes, swollen by late rains and quite a torrent, across their way, turbid and half covered with the needles and cones of the pines swept away in its course through the forest. For some minutes past there has been the roaring as of falling water, and they now observe that, on the left of the road, and not a dozen yards off, the creek suddenly falls over the edge of a deep and circular chasm.

They say the hazel wand bends in the hand toward water flowing far underground. Certainly the iron filing blindly obeys the attraction of the magnet. And whenever, you must have observed it, there be an object near you charged with that which will waken within you to excess joy or sorrow, like or dislike, love or loathing, the very object itself would seem to exert a power upon you direct, and through none of the five channels by means of which objects of lesser interest flow in upon the mind.

Certain it is both travelers at the same instant, and swayed by the same unaccountable influence, turn their horses and ride to the edge of the chasm. Horror! Do their eyes deceive them? The water has washed out a round pool some twenty feet across, falling into it down the bank of the gully with a fall of ten or fifteen feet, and now runs in the hole it has made round and round ere it finds its outlet under a fallen log, and so down the slope. Runs slowly round and round, bearing upon its surface, half-discernible among the floating pine leaves, cones, and trash, the bodies of murdered men. A bearded face turns up full to view—One. Discerned by the naked knees floating only just above the drift—Two. Next it, the bushy top of the head of some one—Three. No doubt about the next; the body is stark naked and floats at full length, swollen, ghastly—Four. Yonder is only a hand, barely distinguishable among the trash—Five. Another in the corner there, the hairy chest broad and full above the water—Six. Yet another, the naked shoulders and back above the water, look—with long and livid streaks laced across from right to left, from left to right—Seven. And that is all.

No. As they gaze in speechless horror another dead body rises suddenly up from under the water, forced up by the current, in an erect posture, the breast toward them; they can only see the bottom of the bearded chin, for the head has fallen back from the hideous gash across the throat—Eight.

Bear witness, O heart-searching God, that herein no syllable is written not in exact accordance with truth; bear witness, for Thou didst see it! Eight men, poor men, honest men, well-meaning, hard-working men, torn at midnight from their shrieking families, borne off into the silent forest, scourged, stabbed, shot, gashed, killed—no man of the murderous gang but had his hand on each victim in some way.

And for what? Simply for doubting whether the destruction of their country was a wise thing, a good thing. Simply for being unable either to change their convictions or to lie and play the hypocrite in regard to those convictions. Only for what they are supposed to think and feel; with having *done* or intending to *do* any thing no man charges them. "Union men, damn them!" that was indictment, sentence, death warrant. During less time than we have been narrating this the two friends gaze upon the scene. Then, by the same simultaneous impulse, they turn their horses, standing back snorting with terror and struggling from the spot into the road again, and gallop on as if for their lives. The lawyer guides his animal with his left hand, holding his revolver cocked in his right. Not a syllable between them as they ride. On through the creek regardless of its swollen depth, on along the heavy sand; the road winds here, winds there, up declivity, down into hollow—will they never reach Paul's place?

Here it is, at least the field, every rail inclosing it cut, split, and built into its place by Paul's own hard and honest hands. Another turn of the road. There is the spot. Only a chimney or two, a heap of smoking ashes and charred logs lying between! As the lawyer glances around him, his panting horse reined up in the gap of the torn-down fence, his companion points him to two men standing a hundred yards off. The lawyer is upon them in a few bounds of his horse.

"For God's sake don't shoot, stranger!" one of them yells, falling on his knees on the muddy ground. The other, a negro, has turned to fly, but it is an open field before him, he fears being shot as he runs, and thinks it safest to halt and fall and implore for his life. A trembling, yellow-faced, copperas clothed white man, and a ragged negro, these are all.

"For the Lord's sake don't shoot a fellow till you can hear him. I ain't no Union man. No, Siree. May God Almighty—" and here the shivering wretch lifts one hand to Heaven and imprecates the most awful curses upon himself if he is. A perjury; he *is* a Union man: whatever of mind and soul he has is invested to its last particle in that direction.

"I no Union man nudder, Lor a massy don't shoot dis yer chile. I Suvern man, Suvern man, Massa! I mighty willin' you hang Massa Brooks! Suppose he alive I help you hang him ef you say so. He Union man, he—" and the negro heaps oaths upon the head of Paul Brooks to a degree which would have satisfied even Dr. Peel, perhaps Brother Barker.

"You hush!" says his companion, angrily, lifting a hoe in his hands. "You hold yer ridiculous tongue, or if the stranger don't kill you I will!"

"I'll tell you all about it," continues the man, in hurried tones, and greatly relieved as the lawyer lowers his revolver. "You see, it looks queer to leave the dead body out that way in the open field," he says, rapidly and deferentially. "The smell, you know. Them buzzards, too. Besides the man is *dead*, bad as he mought be. A fellow couldn't know any body would object to *buryin'* him, you see. I live near by, up the creek. No Union man—Hol Robbins, you may have hearn the name. Ev'ry body about here knows Hol Robbins, Catfish Robbins they sometimes call me, mouth like a catfish's, you see. Well, I says to Hark here to-day, 'Hark, you take the spade, I'll take your hoe, we'll go over an' bury Brooks.' Not that I approve them sentiments of his, gentlemen, not one bit of it, but he was a sort of neighbor, you know, close neighbor. Fact is, a kind neighbor in sickness, lendin' a fellow a day's work now an' then gettin' in his fodder an' sich like. A few dollars p'raps 'casionally. And then them buzzards an' the smell an' all. Besides, my ole woman, she says—"

"Lor, yes, Massa," broke in the negro, "dars de grave yonder to show fur it, jest finishin', Massa Catfish an' I, when you come up," and the negro points eagerly to a spot beneath the nearest tree, evidently a grave just filled up. The eye of the lawyer catches at a glance the rope hanging from the lower limb. Instinctively he rides nearer to read what is written on a leaf, evidently torn from an old ledger, fastened with wooden pins to the bough just beside where the rope is tied:

A.UNION:MAN

he makes it out, rudely scrawled upon the paper with a bit of charcoal.

Silently the two friends sit upon their horses, gazing upon the superscription, understanding the whole story almost as well as if they had witnessed it all with their own eyes. The unlatched cabin door burst suddenly in at night; the sleeping man overpowered in his bed by a dozen men upon him before he is well awake; the desperate struggle amidst execrations and yells; the sturdy form of the Kentuckian dragged at last beneath the tree, bound hand and foot, by men insane from strychnine whisky, drunk abundantly for that very purpose; the rude cabin plundered and fired behind its owner; the sublime bearing of the man, as of Another Man in like situation before him; the rope hurriedly fitted around the sturdy throat under the bushy beard to stop his words before they can move them from their purpose.

A kind of paralysis is upon the two friends as they sit, and grow years older as they gaze. They as liable to the same death at any instant as he.

Yet, let the plain truth be told, they were less affected than you would have been if you live any where in the civilized world outside the

Southern States of America. It would have been strange, indeed, if these two had not long since grown accustomed to men dying by violence. No event more familiar to them than that. Men falling dead from their horses by a bullet through them from behind as they ride along the highway; men called, by day or by night, to their door by a halloo from the front fence, and shot down at the feet of wife and children; men killed in a "fair fight" in the streets after having gone armed for months, the one aim of each being to kill his foe before his foe can get a shot at him; men killed accidentally, by-standers in a store or along the street, by some one of the bullets generally distributed plentifully around during the settling of some such "difficulty." In all their varieties such deaths had formed a large part of the practice of the lawyer, of the death-bed visitation of the minister. Pity if they had not got somewhat used to such things by this time. Murder? Nothing more thoroughly familiar to them than that. But in all their double experience, except in the case of a negro or two, and that by a mob, not one single murderer put to death by law for his crime.

Let only the truth be told. Not for money were men killed in the South, or very rarely at least before the war. Very rarely on account of seduction, that crime being almost unknown; whether or no the abundance and the perfect accessibility of females of a darker hue prevented the attempting of seduction who shall say? Anger from any one of ten thousand causes—anger in first flash, or anger cooled into the steel of revenge: this is the grand cause. But neither of these two had ever stood so near the hanging of a man before. They had often, of course, heard of the hanging of Abolitionists and horse thieves, but for murderers there was only the jail, out of which they soon "broke;" in particularly atrocious cases the Penitentiary, from which a pardon sooner or later released them.

Not that law at the South was an inactive thing. The unsleeping vigor and vigilance of the law of the land in regard to negro property, for instance; its eye upon the slave, and upon any one even suspected of entertaining doubts upon the institution, was as that of the Eumenides. As to its grasp upon the murderer, the hold of an aged crone, toothless, blind, deaf, paralytic, palsied, were comparison too flattering to the law.

Years ago Edward Arthur, and ministers like him, had urged the Scriptures of God on the subject, and the certain judgments of God, too, upon the land. Even if slavery be a divine ordinance, insuring the protection and peculiar favor of Heaven, murder is not. He urged the sin and its certain national consequences as earnestly, fresh from the civilization of Scripture, as if he had just arrived from the civilization of Edinburgh; and with what result?

"By George, parson, you're right; only nobody minds at last," said Bob Withers.

"For my part, Mr. Arthur, I really can not understand, *can not* understand how you can bring yourself to speak so of your own section!" And much more from Mrs. Warner, snuff stick in mouth, to the same effect.

It is a Southern hand writes this, a heart true in every fibre to the South prompts it: If ever Nineveh needed the threat; if ever London needed, in its great plague and great fire, the execution of the divine wrath upon it for its sins, then did the South need the tornado of war rushing over it for its sins. "The earth was filled with violence." That it was that brought the Deluge; and, chief among its causes, this, too, it was which brought upon the South its deluge of fire and blood. Not that the slave-holding States are, or were, the worst in Christendom; as much piety there, in proportion to the population—as much of many an excellence—as in any part of the world: certain virtues, even, as peculiar to and characteristic of the South as is the magnolia and palmetto to and of its soil. None the less is all this true. They say that the percentage of illegitimate births is larger in Scotland than in any other part of Europe—for which Heaven's justice will be meted to *it* at last! It is one human nature every where, in some form of weakness and wickedness in each of us. "The whole world lieth in sin," but it is of the South we happen now to speak.

During the few moments Guy Brooks has been gazing upon the superscription over his brother's grave, as true a superscription as that other the world wots of, Hol Robbins, peering anxiously, then curiously with his small eyes at the lawyer from under the flapping brim of his old wool hat, has come upon another idea.

"Look here, Squire," he begins rapidly to say, "you *are* Squire Brooks, ain't you?" The expression of the lawyer's face has satisfied him of that, however, and with keen reference to the revolver in the brother's hand he proceeds rapidly:

"Look here, Squire, don't you go and believe one word I said about my not bein' a Union man—" And at this point Hol Robbins takes off his old hat, throws it on the ground, and with both his yellow hands above his head proceeds to such imprecations upon himself if he is a Secessionist, such a throwing his entire soul into the matter as puts his assertion beyond all doubt.

"An' I never knowed about it till next day, Squire," he says at last. "But ef I had a knowed what could I a done? One man, you know—only Catfish Robbins. S'pose they'd not a come by an' killed me, too, ef I'd been any 'count? Day's been, Squire, when I could a done somethin'. What with hard work, fever an' ague, an' the whole country almost agin a fellow. However, there's one thing I *kin* do." And turning toward the ruins of the cabin he proceeds with hands, arms, feet, every fibre of his body as well as his tongue, to curse the murderers in such a lava of heart-felt execration as to bring down upon him the stern rebuke of the lawyer and minister even in that moment of horror and hate.

Catfish Robbins lets falls his outstretched arm, and, ignoring the minister, looks at the brother with perplexity in all the lines of his yellow and withered face.

"Why you ain't no parson, Squire," he says at last; "any rate you ain't 'piouser than God Elmighty Himself, an' He is a cussin' sich devils as them in hell an' outer hell all the time. Yankee Secessionists a'most all of them devils were. Jest what a cotton-mouth moccasin in August is to a chicken snake at Christmas a Yankee Secessionist is to a Southern-born one—pis'nous! Don't matter," he adds, brightening up after a pause and replacing his old hat, "I'm a cussin' them men all the time, any how, and keep my boy Hark here at it too. It's my prayers when I first wake up of a mornin', between the tails of my plow, hoin' corn, eatin' dinner, dreamin' at night, under my breath when I'm among them sort of scoundrels—never stop. You couldn't a knowed this Paul Brooks as well as I!"

Meanwhile, in consequence of an order to that effect from the lawyer and with lively remembrance of his previous remarks and the lawyer's revolver, the negro has climbed the fatal tree with the agility of a monkey, obtained the paper, and given it to the Brother. Folding it up carefully as if it were a bank-note he places it securely in his breast-pocket.

"Now blaze the tree with your axe," he adds to the negro. "Not that side, this side toward the cabin. That will do, thank you." His voice is so gentle Catfish Robbins and the negro both glance at him with surprise.

"Stay," he adds; "Robbins I thank you for your kindness to the dead. I can't talk now. Another day, when God pleases, I certainly will repay you. Now go."

"Wait a moment, Squire," says Hol Robbins.

"Not now, go!" says the lawyer, impatiently.

"About his property, you bein' the heir—"

"What do you want?"

"Oh, nothin', nothin' at all. What I was tryin' to say is, you needn't go an' distress yourself s'posin' there was so much plunder burned up or tooken away by them devils. Fact is, there was almost none. You see he'd been strippin' himself, givin' first to one an' then to another till a'most nothin' was left. Families of people whose husbands had gone to the war, you see: other families, too, whose men folks had run away to keep from goin' to the war. I see his last blanket down at Widow Maxwell's only last week."

"Well, go now!"

"Hold on, Squire, you wouldn't mind a poor fellow havin' some of these yer old rails?" says Hol Robbins, coaxingly; "maulin' rails ain't so funny with me as it used to was, fever an' ague—"

"Take any thing you wish of what is left on the place. Stop. Roll two or three large logs over this grave."

"'Count of them hogs an' things. It was rather shaller, that is the fact—"

But what consolation can the minister use as they ride off at last from the spot? He says what he can, but to deaf ears; his companion is too deep in thought to yield attention. He ceases at last, and they ride along the way they came in silence. Crossing the creek, whose turbid waters are hurrying on as if they had heard of what is in the gully below and are crowding there to see, by one impulse they both urge their unwilling horses to the brink again, and sit gazing upon the murdered men circling round and round below. They gaze upon the ghastly sight; and at the same period, if not at the same instant, millions throughout the South are aware of men assassinated in like fashion, for like cause, here and there throughout all the Southern States. Millions? All men, women, children at the South are more or less cognizant of, and are thinking upon, like tragedies; beneath whatever outer bearing, thinking, thinking.

The solemn pines put their heads together far above the pool with incessant whisperings of horror, parting and swaying themselves hither and thither if so be they may cast off from their branches the foul birds drawn from leagues away to the spot. The waters babble garrulously to each other as, having seen and borne tenderly up in their turn the mutilated dead, they rush away to bear the tale to river, and so to the broad sea. And over all bends the great God so patient, knowing that events are converging now so rapidly, and by the inherent force of their own nature, to their appointed end. Yes, thank God, no stone falls, no planet turns, no comet flies with motion more certain than that by which every Judas goes "to his own place."

The two friends are miles off along their road before the silence is broken.

"You won't object to camping out with me to-night, Mr. Arthur?" says the lawyer, at last. "We've done it together before now on our hunting excursions. I know a place up the creek where I camped once with Paul a week while he was getting his cabin ready. I can not enter a house to-night—I could not endure to see any one. And, besides, we've enough left of our lunch for supper and breakfast."

The night has fallen by this time, but the spot is not far off—a secluded and grassy knoll under the pines. To dismount, tether their horses where they can graze, build a fire, and arrange themselves before it upon their saddle blankets, is the work of a few minutes.

"Thank you, I can not," said the lawyer, when his companion pressed him to share in the food put up by Mrs. Sorel in lavish abundance for their lunch. "You eat, and listen. We may not meet again soon, and I've much to say. First, I want to tell you about Paul.

It is a long story, as Guy Brooks tells it, that night under the pines, the light from the camp-fire flickering upon his broad face as he speaks, revealing therein a new expression altogether. Mr. Arthur is almost surprised at the calmness of his friend. Guy and Paul were the two only children of a Kentucky planter. The lawyer lingered long upon even the trivial incidents of their boyish attachment to each other—like a boy again himself while he recalled them. The parents had died. Carrying out a long-cherished scheme, the brothers had sold the old place, bringing the negroes southward to their new home. "I am just beginning to understand Paul in reference to those negroes," said the lawyer. "Just before leaving Kentucky he joined the church. I am a professor too, as you know. Not as Paul was. We were very different. He had a hundred times my depth. I don't think it was his religion only. Our father was a good man, but our mother was an extraordinary woman for intelligence and piety. I remember her as if I saw her to-day, erect, beautiful, the finest-looking woman I ever saw in my life. For years before her death she—through her I suppose—my father also, both were uneasy about the negroes, used to be often speaking with us, especially with Paul, who was justly the favorite with them, on the subject. Vaguely, perhaps. I don't know—never mind. As it was, Paul turned over every soul of them to me. He said very little to me on the subject. So far as I know he never spoke a syllable about slavery to a human being. He was a silent man on all points. He had a queer idea that he would prefer to be independent, to work with his own hands for his living. I used to think him a kind of dumb Daniel Webster—superior to me in every respect. I used to tell him how wrong it was to bury himself in the woods. He would say, 'I don't know, Guy—I've got odd notions. I'm before my times, or behind them. People are not ripe for me, or I am not ripe for them: we are too far apart somehow.' It seems to me now," continued the brother, musingly, "Paul did not feel prepared to bring his ideas to bear on other men, or despaired of succeeding with them if he did. He resolved that his opinions should, at any rate, be a rule for *him.* I think he had a hope, too, the time was coming when he could do something; a great believer in the Future Paul was—a deep, serious, joyful faith in what is to be among us all right here. And so he lived meanwhile up there in his cabin, and worked hard. You see, after paying the estate debts, nothing was left us but the negroes, and he would neither sell them nor work them, nor take from me one cent more of what I got from their labor than he could help. He hunted a little; read, especially his Bible; helped his neighbors, and the like. Yes," added the lawyer, suddenly, "I *am* Paul's heir, as Robbins says, and I intend to take full possession of my inheritance—all of it. Never mind that now. You told me to-day to wait—Providence would show me what to do. You were right—Providence *has* shown me my path at last."

Immediate departure from Somerville, enlistment in the Federal army, life-long war against every foe which holds the South in bondage—the lawyer tells his friend his whole plan.

"And your property?" begins Mr. Arthur.

"I will write from the next town to Ferguson. I gave him a power of attorney months ago in case of accidents; he did the same to me; as for that, we did not know what might turn up. I owe no man a cent, except yourself, and Ferguson will arrange all that. You will not be dependent on Mr. Ellis or Mrs. Warner in any sense, I've fixed *that,*" added the lawyer with a smile. "When they go to work, if they get time to do it, confiscating my property they will find they had a lawyer to deal with, even if he isn't a Yankee. What to *do* with them?" he added, after a pause, in more anxious accents.

"Do with whom?"

"I do believe it was that which staggered Paul," continued the lawyer. "You can not free them at the South. You'd have to sell half of them to pay the expenses of the other half to Liberia. The North won't have them. Well, all Egypt is being stirred for them just now. When they get to the very edge of the Red Sea perhaps the waves will part in some way before them," he added, musingly.

"Halloo, I never thought of it!" he suddenly exclaimed, with brightening face, "why not go with me?"

"No," adds his friend, promptly; "I agree with you, your path is plain. Mine is not. At least not to go yet. I know I seem doing nothing in Somerville, less and less apparently every day. As your brother said, the people there and I are too far apart. I am worn down in struggle with evils there, mightier than my puny hand to do more at least than point out. But not yet. My heart is not ready to go; I would feel too much like Jonah. We must be governed by our conscience. You won't thank me, but I would feel almost as reluctant to go with you as I would to go with good Mr. Ellis in his way—it is right for you, but not for me."

It is long after midnight, the camp-fire often replenished before they ceased from their earnest conversation. Then, with a fervent prayer for divine aid, they fell asleep, each on his blanket, their feet to the fire, under the pines making mournful lullaby over them. But before doing so, the lawyer had scooped out a hole into which he drew the coals, lest they should attract any one to the spot while they slept—"To say nothing about your life"—he said as he did it—"my life is very precious to me from this hour. I have so much I want to do."

When Mr. Arthur awakes next morning after such a sleep as people enjoy only under the free air of heaven, he finds his friend cooking the remains of their supper at the fire.

"Up, man: it's late breakfast! I could hardly wait till you woke. I'm going to eat such a meal as people never make except in camp!" he says; and the minister joins him in the repast, wondering in the change which has taken place in the Kentuckian's manner.

Yes, the gloom, hesitation, doubt which has darkened over that broad face since Secession, darkening deeper and deeper as the slow days roll by, is gone as by a charm. There is trace of the sharp distress of the night before, but distress out of which has broken a new light. He moves, speaks, laughs like the frank-visaged, plain-spoken, warm-hearted Kentuckian he was that day, years ago, when the young parson stepped, the day of his arrival in Somerville, out of the stage and, as it were, into his very arms. A less care-worn man you would not wish to see and shake hands with. He is almost jovial now, in sudden reaction from long uncertainty and indecision. Out of the brambles at last, a broad, clear path stretches away straight before him.

"And you hold to your decision?" he says at last to his friend, as a voyager, flushed and eager for his journey to some happy port, might speak to one who lingers behind on a deserted shore.

"Yes, my mind is clear as well as yours." Mr. Arthur endeavors to rally and to speak as stoutly as he can, cheerfully even. "Somerville is my post of duty still. For *me* to leave would be desertion; my flag, you know, yet flies there, as well as whither you are going. I stay bound in the spirit in Jerusalem, not knowing the things that befall me there."

"God forbid the rest of the passage should come true of you!" adds his friend, hastily, and with blank face.

"I know nothing about that; I only stand to my post. As to the rest, why, God's will be done!"

"Oh, well, I dare say, only, Mr. Edward Arthur, don't be too sure that your duty is all that keeps you in Somerville. Unless I tremendously mistake, there is a certain something vastly more attractive. Never color so, man," he adds, heartily; "all our motives are terribly mixed up. And I tell you, Sir, you are right. Leave my mother out of question, and the one you think of is the finest specimen of a lady, that is, *will* be, she is so young. Go ahead, man, go ahead!"

"I'm afraid," begins his companion, gravely, "there will have to be a very great change before—"

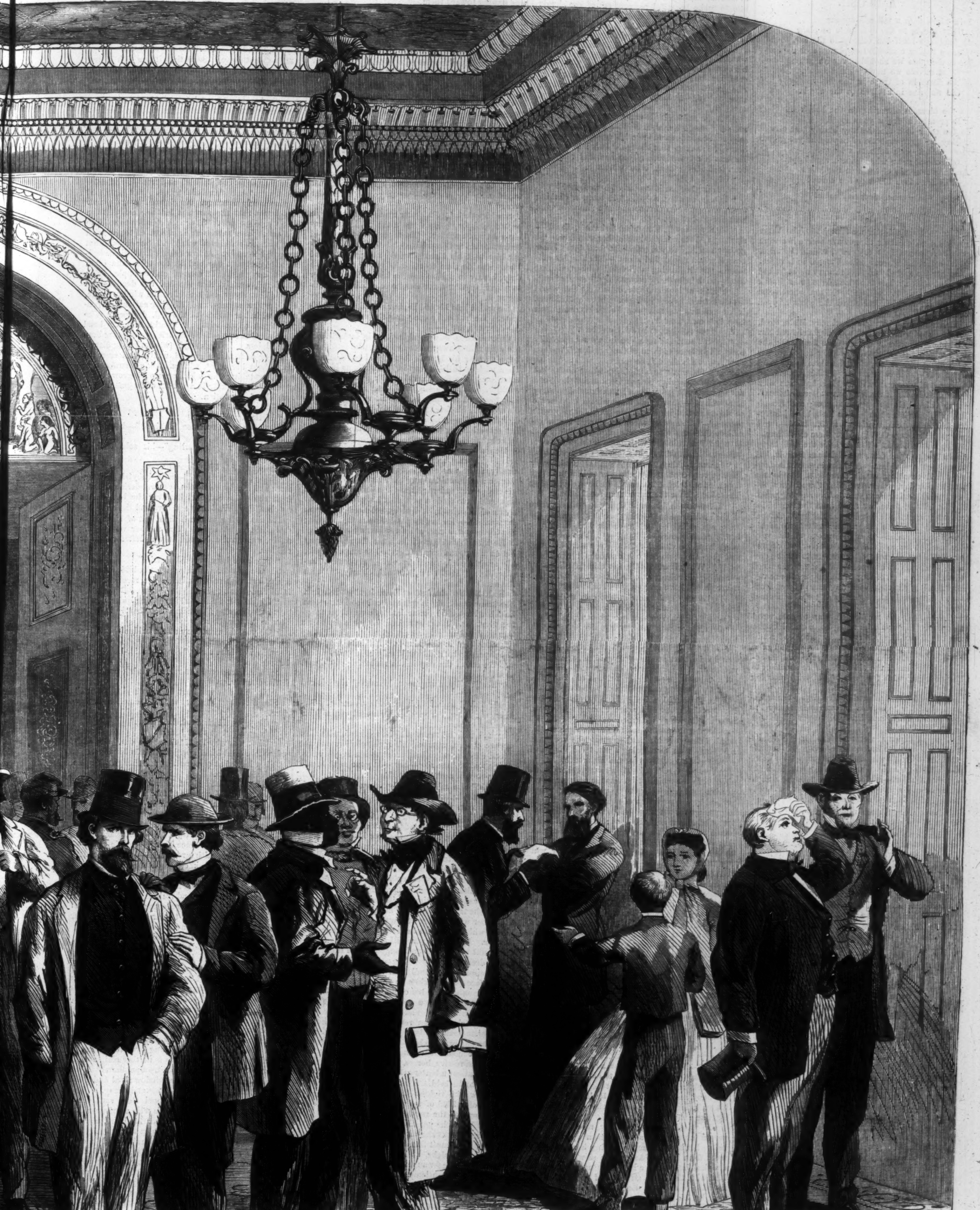
"Change!" breaks in the lawyer, who is in highest spirits; "and there will be a great, a glorious, a most magnificent change. Not in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, perhaps; but we *shall* all be changed—I don't mean any irreverence—even in Somerville. I have all Paul's faith—not the Apostle, *my* Paul's—in the Future, only I stand nearer to it, understand it perhaps better."

It is an hour yet before they part. But when they do Mr. Arthur rides back alone toward Somerville at last, not as sad a man as when the two friends passed over the same road the day before. Thank God for our memory of the Past! thanks be to Him for our enjoyment of the Present! but threefold thanks be to Him, above all, for—the Future!

THE NEW SUBMARINE VOLCANO AT SANTORIN.

AN illustration of this singular phenomenon lately appeared in our Journal. By letters from her Majesty's Consul-General, Mr. VINCENT LLOYD, communicated to the Royal Geographical Society and read at their recent meeting, we have some additional particulars of the present eruption, which commenced, with flames issuing from the sea accompanied by loud explosions, about the 1st of February, and resulted, on the 4th, as we have stated, in the appearance of a new island, rising from a depth of 103 fathoms, between Palæo and Neo Kaimeni, and increasing in size till it very nearly joined the latter. The bay of Thera or Santorin, where the newly-formed volcanic island has risen, has long been remarkable for the property its water possesses of cleansing the copper bottoms of vessels by the sulphuric acid produced by submarine gases. All this part of the sea was much agitated; clouds of steam and flames arose as the new island increased in size; and the appearance of the compressed smoke, forced upward like solid columns glowing with internal flame and unaffected by the wind until, after the lapse of several minutes, it had become less dense, must have been extremely grand. On the 8th of February the new island had increased, as we have observed, so as nearly to join the island of Neo Kaimeni, and people had landed on its yet glowing surface, but the intense heat and jets of flame forbade their remaining more than a moment. Neo Kaimeni had also become hot, and in several parts of the harbor the sea was boiling. Shocks of earthquakes had been felt in the island of Santorin, and the inhabitants of Thera and other towns had become alarmed. On the 26th, though the surface of the new island was black and somewhat cooled, the interior was glowing with heat and the atmosphere was illuminated above the fissures, while dense masses of smoke and vapor were rising from them, and isolated columns of fire, surrounded by vapor, ascended, as it were, from the sea, the flame sometimes appearing to dance along the surface as if it ran from end to end of a submarine fissure. Men, women, and children visited the island up to the 20th, when violent detonations were heard, and heated stones were suddenly ejected, by which one person was killed, several were hurt, and a small vessel burned and sunk. Many of the inhabitants of Santorin prepared to leave their island, and about 180 actually embarked in the course of two hours. There were still remaining in the harbor a few country vessels, but they were to depart shortly, and those who afterward wished to leave would have to avail themselves of the fortnightly steamer from Syra.

THE LOBBY OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AT WASHINGT



GTON DURING THE PASSAGE OF THE CIVIL RIGHTS BILL.

A BLUSH.

Is a blush doth a tell-tale appear
That speaks to the eye, quite as plain
As language itself can convey to the ear,
Some tender confession of pleasure or pain;
What thoughts we should never impart,
What secrets we never should speak,
If the fountain of truth in the heart
Did not rise in a blush to the cheek.

As the blossom of spring on the bough
Is promise of fruits yet unseen,
So the color that mantles thy beauty just now
May be but prophetic of hopes but yet green.
How vain is each delicate art
Of concealment, when nature would speak,
And the fountain of truth in the heart
Will arise in a blush to the cheek!

EM.

SHE had waited there all night. The three roads stretching their three ways before her were powdered with a light, dry snow, which the wind, as it bowled along, scooped and tossed in her face. Over her the cold sky of the February night looked near and sullen. The tall pine might be landmark or rendezvous. It was dead to the top, where some scraggy tufts which had sifted the snow cropped out.

Heaven knows how she dared stay, little, tired, scared, babyish thing that the daylight showed her. And more than that, Marston Goss was hardly the man whose wife might be keeping appointments with other men at any time, let alone in the dead night, out in the open country in this raid-riddled county, and with one too. But if it had been with the Angel Gabriel it wouldn't have altered the matter in Colonel Goss's eyes, I suspect; and though it would, poor little Em had no thought of justifying herself by explanations; so it's hard to tell where the courage that kept her there came from.

She was not glad either to have the dull, tardy dawn break. The darkness had been terrible, but then it concealed her. And the mysterious chipping and cracking, which always begins in the woods with day, were worse than the stillness, every stir tightening her nerves to the snapping point.

She tried to take her mind from the longed-for meeting, realizing what she was risking. Colonel Goss was likely to return any minute from his scouting excursion—to come by one of the very roads before her and find her there; or, which was but little better, some of the servants must presently discover her absence from home. She faced these facts in a sort of stupor, making up no excuses nor steadying herself with any sense of her innocence, but merely staring dully at probabilities and their results.

Uncle Ben, she recollected, was to tote wood that day. He would be along soon, and, like the rest of Colonel Goss's servants, severity had made him too cringing and crafty not to be glad of a spy's earnings. She started a step forward, fancying she had heard the old man's voice shouting to his ox along with the rush of the crisp morning air.

Her head was tired and confused; all the freshness and color gone from her pretty face; her lips dry and grayish, and her violet eyes filled with reckless fright.

A bit of paper was crumpled in her feverish little hand: *that* she had not once let go of since the mulatto woman—who had come with some fowls and eggs and insisted upon seeing Mrs. Goss the afternoon before—had slipped it, upon some pretense or other, into her work-stand drawer. She smoothed it out now and read it over:

"I must see you, Em, a moment. Some time to-night by the old pine-tree at the cross-roads."

There was nothing more, and, for that matter, no need of more. She asked no explanations of Stephie. She was not afraid to do any thing in the world he told her to; and it would be worth a good deal worse than she'd gone through yet to see him again. The very sight of the words he had scrawled made her feel braver. She straightened herself with a look of determination—so much like the determination of a toy—stamped her teenty-taunty feet (*teenty-taunty* was what they called her half the time at home), folded her thick shawl tighter, and began searching the lengths of the three roads, taking them in order, beginning at the left: that was the railroad, a single track, level and direct as it cut the red clay bank; next the old pike, wandering away as Virginia pikes do, and off to the right the new military road, flanked by the slashed oaks. Up and down their lengths, in the cold faint light—nothing. But even the looking relieved the dreary thump-thump of the minutes through the dark.

Daylight broadened. Now and then her heart quivered and bounded at something she saw. When the something turned out to be a stump, or possibly a dog, her heart had nothing to do but sink again and keep still.

It got to be near seven o'clock. She was very tired. Even the strength of excitement was expending itself, and a dreamy kind of delirium began to gain upon her. She was positive that the wheels of Uncle Ben's cart were coming along over the hard, rough ground, when it was nothing in the world but a woodpecker; she fancied her husband had suddenly come upon her, and at that she screamed out with terror; then she wondered, childishly, what would be done to her if she were found out. She was nothing but a child any way. Not yet twenty, and married to a man who had lived his forty years like a Tartar kraal upon his thousand acres, at the head of his hundred slaves; breathing submission like an atmosphere, gorging himself with despotic rule, and, naturally enough, then, suspecting every one around him, even the little wife he had brought two years before from west of the Kanawha, to be mistress of Marston Manor. She had wanted to love him; but he didn't understand that. Her trifling vexed him, and he showed it, and she was shy and timid, and went away from him to make beautiful pictures out of her simple past, and to live in them instead of in her present. Marston Goss understood this even less than the other. That was why he began to suspect her.

Cowering there, close to the dead tree, sick with watching and disappointment and fright, she felt his eyes—stern, unmerciful eyes, whose looks slivered her soul. She was dizzy and it grew dark. She groped for something to hold by. Her limbs were yielding—sinking.

"Em!"

Ah! So sudden! It was *not* true! The blood rushed through her veins. Life came in hysteric gasps. She was sobbing in his arms, dashing the blur of tears away that she could look into his eyes. He was her twin brother, you see, and they had been separated ever since her marriage.

"Oh, Stephie!"

"Darling! You have waited here alone?"

"It was nothing, Stephie," in earnest, choking tones, to assure him that there was no harm in what he had asked of her.

"You can't tell, Em, what I have suffered"—starting and stopping to look at her wan face. "I got my message to you privately, for I didn't know how Marston might feel about"—touching his uniform—"about having a Federal soldier visiting him"—with infinite tenderness, not to wound *her*, and a look of inquiry, half expecting she would contradict him for her husband. He hadn't believed in his soul that any man would close his doors upon his wife's own brother.

She gave no sign, only a little shiver.

"After I sent the note, dearie, we unexpectedly met quite a force of them at the junction."

"Yes; he is there," she said.

"And there was some fighting about dusk; but no one hurt"—seeing how anxious she looked, and not understanding. "Then I was detailed to carry some orders"—putting his hand with a boy's sense of importance upon his breast pocket, bulky with papers. "And twice after I'd started I was recalled, and the programme changed. Why, I thought I should die with impatience, little one. It's been the hardest night's service I've ever seen."

"It was nothing, Stephie," she said again, very faintly, very contentedly, clinging to him in happy dependence, taking his words in hungrily, caring less, after all, for the words than for the tone.

"Little kitten," he said, trying to strip his voice of the shock he felt at seeing her so changed as she was; smoothing her white cheek with one finger of his great gauntleted hand—"to think how we twins hardly breathed apart till you were married, and then never to see one another for two whole years! Why, it wasn't the fair thing at all, baby"—making his voice gay to stop its quavering. "We never should have let you go—should we?"

She lay very quiet now in his arms, thriving by breaths on his fondling. She needed so to be loved—so much more than stronger women need it!

"You never can know how we've missed you, Em," he said.

"And then the war, Stephie"—in her pitying, complaining, little tones—"I could have gone back, you know, if it hadn't been for the war"—with such quiet submission—a whole volume of disappointment and longing clasped in her half-complaint.

"Yes," he said, a little gloomily, diverted from her for the moment by the thoughts her words roused—the weary old war-thoughts—"I think it was harder for me to take up arms against Marston's side—your husband—almost like you, yourself, Em—even than going against old Virginia!"—with contracted lines around his mouth.

"Yes, Stephie." She didn't comprehend much about it in the main. She was too near for its proportions and perspective to be plain. Right there, pressed by the confusion of events; the corn growing green over the acres before her eyes one day—trampled and ruined the next; the dim blue hills hazed by cannon smoke, and then left clear; sudden swoops of greedy guests, going as suddenly, their noiseless line trailing a steel-like glitter, winding through the pass—not much else, but there, that she could understand, except the fury of her husband's hate for the "other side," shown in gusts of rage or savage exultation—all filmed with a keen, shuddering horror. These were what she meant when she said "the war."

Her arms were twisted about one of Stephie's, so big and clumsy in the blue felt over-coat sleeve, clinging to him as though she could detain the moments and him together; so happy, so very happy, just to see him, trying to begin to think of all the things she meant to say.

And then?

She cried out, wrenching herself from him wildly; erect, her hood fallen back, letting her long hair loose to the wind; her lips parted, some quick flame of spirit burning itself out within her; her eyes full of horror. Stephie's hand was on the pistols in his belt. He sprang about, facing the way her eyes were fixed. And all that way—a good pistol shot—he could feel the mad glitter of Marston Goss's face as he lowered it to his leveled revolver, his black horse curbed, quivering, to his haunches; his hand and will paralyzed by his recognition of his wife, fixed there, in the sharp, gray morning air, like moulded basalt.

She raised her hands slowly, mechanically, as a person mesmerized, and put them up protectingly before her brother, never turning her eyes one moment from her husband; then slowly, with a mechanical instinct, she laid them upon him, pushing him with the fierce strength of decision, with the impulse of a dumb, dominant will, toward where, near by, his horse was tied.

"Go!" she stammered.

He understood then, and regained himself.

"What—Em—to leave you so!" with cool indignation.

"Don't you see? It is he. I am safe," she interrupted, in a still, frozen voice, her eyes never faltering, her form swaying—keeping unconsciously within the revolver's range.

"He would not harm *me?*" Stephie said, confident, and yet half-questioning.

Colonel Goss had given his horse the rein, and was coming toward them.

Em was powerless to explain, but *she knew* how they hunted their prey, how they never spared one! A hard hand seemed to have fastened around her throat. If she could only tell him what she had seen—the tattered rags of those blue felt coats that had swung from the trees; one last winter, this year another—almost in sight of Marston Manor! Spies, they had said. But she knew! If she could only tell him!

Colonel Goss did not fire yet. He was waiting to see.

Her voice came to her—harsh, dry, as though the very organs were splitting.

"He would, *Stephie*"—the name ending in a hysterical scream—"and"—pointing to the papers he carried—"your life isn't your own"—wildly, not the woman to be so stirred by any patriotic impulse, but snatching the argument whose thrust would move her brother—"until you've done your errand."

Stephie started. This was true. The very time he had used for his own was a theft. He remembered he was a soldier. These papers—they would be invaluable to Colonel Goss! And she was telling him that his kinship would not protect him! There was no time to think of any thing but his duty, hardly to realize how he had periled that, or to remember that there was no cowardice like failing in it.

He reeled into his saddle, buried the spurs in his mare. He had still some yards the start, and, unless Marston fired—

Colonel Goss was paralyzed. He looked from the man riding away to the woman who had flung herself under his horse's feet with bewilderment. Then with an oath—a leap in his saddle as if sense came back—he fired, recklessly, another barrel—another. His horse was jaded out. He had ridden him too hard to think of pursuit with him. He dismounted, his face grim and rigid, lifted his wife into the saddle—flinging the weight of his arm over her—and, leading the horse, strode home across his fenceless fields.

He was not prone to either pretexts or preliminaries. He was, moreover, as contemptuous, practically, as he was chivalrous theoretically, toward women; and would at any time have given one of his troopers an order in a more conditional tone than he would have made a request of his wife. A great share of the shock he had experienced was from amazement. He had no possible data for inferring the truth—not a man of inferences any way.

He lifted his wife from the horse, flung her across his shoulder, and carried her to her room. Then, his arms folded, bronzed, virile, six-footed, implacable. "Mrs. Goss," he said, clearly, "I wish the man's name."

Half lifeless she had still an instinct left her. She knew that Stephie was safe only so long as she held her husband from action. Some of his troop must be near. There were fresh horses in the barn; there were short cuts across country as familiar as the chambers in the Manor. And the boy, with the papers he carried, would only count for another Yankee out of the way in the reckoning of Colonel Goss.

"I will tell you very soon, Marston," she faltered out.

He looked at her with speechless wonder. Mother, nor sister, nor wife had ever said *will* to Marston Goss before.

"You will tell me soon?" he repeated, with slow irony; "why, woman," his rage belching out, the blood curdling with his fierce passion in his veins, "you will tell me now—here—in your next breath—or you will never tell me!"

"Ah," she said, piteously, spreading her little thin palms before her face, "you will not mind at all, Marston, when you know—"

He looked at her again with the same surprise. Then, with no more words, went with great strides out of the room, shutting the door loudly, fastening it from without, and wrenching away the key.

A few minutes later Em heard the click of Brown Bess's hoofs as she leaped like a hare over the frozen ground along the road Stephie had taken.

She waited—waited all day. Nothing happened. No one came. At times, with feeble, sickly excitement, she tried to get out of her prison. She shook the door with all her strength, raised her voice in cries which ended in husky gasps. No one came to her. The house was still as the grave; and she got faint with fright and hunger, alone there in the cold, dreary room.

Toward dusk, bundled in her great shawl, her little face pressed close to the window, she heard horses coming, and her courage revived. She saw her husband soon, a good many men with him. They were stained and drooping. Their heavy steps and clanking sabres went to and fro, the noise shot with loud words, shivered glasses, and oaths. But no one came to her. She watched desperately. Pretty soon she heard them begin to remount, curbing their restive horses, waiting for the Colonel; talking about a battery that was expected; about a bridge to be held. Then Colonel Goss came out. She saw him tighten the strap of his spur—conscious of a kind of wonderment even at that time that none of the servants were there to do it for him. When he put his foot in the stirrup and she understood that she was to be left alone again, she sprang up, almost frantic, called and prayed to him with wild shrieks, and pressed her hands to her head, listening for an answer. She heard his voice:

"I regret, gentlemen, that we must postpone our supper till morning."

They struck a gallop.

"No matter for that, Colonel, only see you serve us up some live Yankees when the time comes," came ringing back.

They were out of hearing. Then out of sight. She battered against the door with her small fists, shook the window, frantic with helplessness and fear. By-and-by a misty insensibility came quietly over her. She felt that the room was quite dark.

She tried to pray to God. She thought she would go and kneel down by her bed, as she always did at night. But then the air was swarming with eyes, and as she tried to walk the weaker ones down on the floor groaned and spat at her for treading on them—though she tried to step so lightly. And tangling themselves angrily about her feet they tripped her and she fell down among them.

Time went away. Some time it was light, some time dark. All the while they crowded her and jumped about on her so she had no chance to get up. It seemed to her that her skin shriveled and shrunk from the bones and her joints crumbled apart. Her soul, too, beat about within her, as if seeking release.

But once she came to herself, and found the sunshine streaming into the chamber, and every thing still. She got up from the floor and cried a great deal with weakness and thankfulness first. She thought a long time must have passed, for the snow was gone, the air mild, and from the window she saw patches of greenish grass. But it was all just as lonely as before. No sign of life—no sound. She knew that the sun was in the west, that the day would go soon. She went steadily to work to get out. The room was in a sort of tower with one narrow, mullioned window. She broke that away desperately. Afterward she knotted the bed-spreads, fastened one end in the room, the other about her waist. It seemed quite simple. She wondered, weakly, that she had not done this at first. Then she poised herself on the window-ledge, shuddered a minute, and, clinging as long as possible with her hands to the sill, dropped. The rope spun about with her weight, and her head struck. One arm grazed the bricks, and hung limp and helpless. In the end she was swinging dizzily a foot or so from the ground, unable to loosen the knot about her waist, with a choking, suffocating sense, watching the whirling world grow black around her, spinning in a vortex of fragments, and sensible of dissolution.

"Little Em—"

"Are you in Heaven too, Stephie?"—dreamily—rather gladly.

"Open your eyes, darling"—his sobs choking him.

The waxy lids lifted heavily.

"Why, this is home!"—with babyish wonderment and a quiet sigh—the eyes wandering wearily from the white bed curtains over the blue chintz couches, the girl's books and toys and the rest.

He was trying to brush them out of his eyes—those big, weak tears. The mother was crying softly, uncontrollably, and it was left for him to tell her.

"You have been very ill, dearie."

She thought for a minute; the tired lids dropping again, but with no agitation as the recollection of it all came back to her.

"Did Marston find me?" speaking quite slowly.

"I did, darling;" pausing then, hardly knowing how to tell her the rest.

"Oh yes! he was away at the bridge"—pensively, with little interest.

"He was hurt there," Stephie said, holding his breath.

"Is he here now?" startled, opening her eyes a little, quickly.

"No, dear; he was hurt, I told you—badly hurt."

She thought about it, with no emotion in her face.

"Oh yes. He is dead, I suppose."

Her apathy tore their hearts.

"That was why he didn't let me out," she added, with a faint kind of satisfaction in her tone.

They looked at one another, and thought she was wandering again.

"When I heard about Marston," Stephie said, "I went to the General, and told him that you must be there alone, and all about it, and he gave me leave to go to you."

Her thoughts had gone back.

"Yes, it was a long time," she said, placidly.

"It was two days since Marston had left you"—breaking down, with great sobs—"my poor darling"—falling on his knees beside the bed, and burying his face.

"Little daughter must rest now," came the mother's voice, unsteady and full.

She unfolded the two pale hands and held them out, opening the hollow, tender eyes, saying in her little patient, pitying way,

"I'll go to sleep a little while, mother."

They held her hands with pressures of passionate agony, mother and brother; hushing their sobs, holding back their anguish, not to disturb her.

It was a little while—only a little while. The clasp was not strong enough to keep her. The sobs were not loud enough to rouse her. She did not wake up to them again.

Last summer I crossed the bridge that the rebels held, in spite of all, that night in February, 1863, and went up the road winding over the mountain to Marston Manor. There is neither claimant nor heir to the house now. The trumpet flowers flaunted in that broken Gothic window; red and white roses grew above the desolation and decay.

The servants, whom Colonel Goss sent off to Lynchburg the day he left his wife a prisoner, had come back, neither invited nor hindered, and settled themselves deliberately upon the acres.

"And I reckon dey'll let me raise all de meal I wants for my little pone, off de ole place?" Uncle Ben said to us, in interrogative and rather uneasy accents, with his cap in his hand, leaning upon his hoe.

"But, Uncle, don't you want something more than corn meal enough to keep you alive?" I asked, experimentally. "You are a free man now, and ought to be thinking of laying by something for old age."

"Ole age," with a stumpy chuckle, feeling of his gray poll. "Yes, I'se free man now, bress de Lord; an' I'se tired scufflin' around like a nigger. Might as well kep on scufflin' for ole massa. 'Twarn't easy, dat," with another low laugh.

"He was a hard master, then?" I asked.

He looked at me sharply, a little mistrustfully. Then, evidently relenting,

"He was, massa—'clare tru to yer soul," he said, with rather incomprehensible exultation.

"But we want to see you freed folks take hold ambitiously in your new career," I persisted.

Uncle Ben straightened himself with dignity, a little affronted, I think. He looked about him, at his patch of corn, row of collard sprouts, then down to his ragged trowsers, and off to his shanty, against which a bacon-to-be was just then scratching his savory sides. And, as though the picture might teach its own lesson, he resumed his hoeing in silence, remarking, with after-thought and merely by way of manners, "Yes, ma'am, so we does!"

KRAUFT'S WORLD BEWITCHED.

MR. KRAUFT, coming home after business hours, was told that a young woman was waiting to see him in the library, and going in with emotions of disgust for a young woman capable of calling on him before dinner, recognized in his visitor Ellen Tree.

Miss Tree was twenty-four or thereabouts, and wore a faded black bonnet. She was not pretty, though she had all the possibilities of beauty, because you can't make rounded outlines, sparkle, ease, roses, and smiles out of constant anxiety and bread and black tea. She was lady-like; that is, would have been, if her gown had not been turned, dyed, and skimped, and her shawl as shabby as her hat; and she was a tenant of Mr. Krauft's, who instantly concluded that she came to ask some favor about rent or repairs, and as instantly decided to say no—the only way to manage these people in Mr. Krauft's opinion; but as a rule, when you ask favors, you are deprecating: now Miss Tree was not deprecating, though she stammered a little as she commenced:

"Mr. Krauft, you are a man of wealth and influence—"

"Yes, yes," struck in Krauft, bluffly, and facing Miss Tree in a bleak, inauspicious way. "All very fine! but if I have what you say, I got it for myself, mind you! I made my own way up from the bottom round, and never asked help of any one; and folks that mean to get on *don't* go about whining for help, in my opinion."

"Precisely why I apply to you," said Miss Tree, calmly; "because you have hewn out your way, I was certain that you could not help taking an interest in others who only ask the privilege of following your example."

Mr. Krauft expanded a little.

"Hum! Miss Tree! I—hum—ha! well—certainly; I am sure—if my example—"

"Mr. Krauft, was your early experience painful? Did you ever suffer hardship, or privation?" interrupted Miss Tree, abruptly, thereby preventing Mr. Krauft from giving away his good example.

"That I did," answered Krauft, promptly, though secretly wondering at what she was driving. "I have lived hard enough, and poor enough in my time. Why, I remember as if it was yesterday, when I came to the city a barefooted boy, and with only a dollar in my pocket; and when any body complains to me, I say to them, my friend, I have been through that mill, and you can't tell me any news. Do as I do; work your way out, you can't commence poorer than I did."

"Exactly," said Miss Tree, her face lighting. "That is all that I want, Mr. Krauft; leave to work my way out. You know, that though unmarried, I have a family depending on me; two little sisters and a paralytic mother. You are an inspector of the school of which I am principal, and my landlord. You know what rent I pay, and that I receive a salary of four hundred dollars a year, and can guess, after deducting the rent, how much of it is left for fuel, food, shoes, clothes, and school-books."

"Four hundred dollars is a large salary for a young woman like you," observed Mr. Krauft, stiffly.

"The male principal in the same building, whose classes are ranked by mine, and who has neither more work nor more responsibility, receives exactly double—"

"But then it costs a woman less to live," interrupted Krauft, quickly.

Miss Tree smiled.

"Mr. Krauft, when I buy a ton of coal nobody charges me at a lower rate than you, because you are a wealthy man and I am a poor struggling woman. There is no discount on my mother's tea and sugar, or on my sister's shoes and books. I pay as much for car fare as a man. I pay you as much rent as does the man who occupies the other half of your house; and, setting that aside, if Mr. Esmond's work and responsibility is worth eight hundred dollars a year, is it not common justice to give me for exactly the same work, just as well performed, you yourself being the judge, and the same responsibilities, just as faithfully met, the same wages? What it is worth, in short—not what you think will enable me barely to squeeze through a year; and granting that it does cost me less to live, suffer me to enjoy the privilege granted to every day-laborer, of storing his surplus earnings against a rainy day. If you, Mr. Krauft, and men like you, would exert what influence you have to do away with this crying evil, you would only show me, and thousands like me, simply justice; and yet this is not what drove me here to complain; but the hopelessness," and her voice sank; "the utter hopelessness of it, Mr. Krauft. By pinching and that means, never allowing ourselves food enough thoroughly to satisfy us, and fire enough entirely to warm us, we live; that is, we keep a roof over us, and get out the children's books and shoes, by edging every little while a little closer to starvation than usual; but, Mr. Krauft, when you fared poorly you were cutting your way through the forest, and every blow was a step nearer light. We cut down the day's difficulties with the certainty that each to-morrow will supply us with a ranker and more obstinate growth. We can't get out as matters stand. Every year entangles us more thoroughly, and allows us less straw with which to make our brick—"

Up to this point Krauft had listened perforce, but with his indignation increasing at every sentence; and as Mr. Krauft was a large, calm person, whose very rages were cold, his indignation by this time was a sort of moral glacier which, now being in motion, came down on Miss Tree, warm and glowing with enthusiasm, and crushed her.

"Miss Tree, I am really, I may say, pained! shocked!! astonished!!! Why, ma'am, you are striking at the very roots of our social system. You, an instructress of the young. You are flying directly in the face of Providence; you—you—"

"Poor 'roots' and poor Providence!" slipped in Miss Tree while Mr. Krauft labored for the rest of his sentence. "Good-night, Sir!" and went out. By that time Mr. Krauft's dinner had been served full five minutes, and Mr. Krauft sat down to it filled with spite.

"Confound the women!" he growled as he helped himself to salmon; "and confound all reforms!" he growled again after his final glass of sherry. But what next? Did Mr. Krauft then take his hat and step out in the street? On that point Mr. Krauft himself is unable to depose with certainty. He only knows that he found himself walking in Broadway, and that a very curious change had passed upon him. The Mr. Krauft who drank the sherry was a large, prosperous, full-blown man. Mr. Krauft who crept along Broadway was a dwindled edition of himself, seedily dressed; and whereas he carried about with him habitually a sense of his own importance, like an air cushion, he was conscious of a novel timidity and a sorrowful, foreboding anxiety about something not yet defined. An equally remarkable alteration had taken place in the character of the Broadway crowd. It consisted of men and women, as before, but now it was the women who walked with a brisk air of business, and who stood easily in shop-doors and behind counters; the women who scanned you from hotel-steps, who discussed news and markets in narrow, down-town streets, and eyed favorably handsome, well-dressed young men walking modestly along on shopping expeditions, and only glancing about them from under their eyelashes, or passed worse-dressed and unattractive men like Mr. Krauft with cool indifference; and in some mysterious way Mr. Krauft understood that the roots of society had at last gone by the board; there had been a revolution; men had lost the reins of power; in short, men and women had changed places.

Then Mr. Krauft comprehended the timid anxiety that had taken the place of the old importance. His wife had died leaving her affairs much involved, and two helpless little boys for him to support. Mr. Krauft was in search of work; had been for the past week, and with the most discouraging results. The wages offered men by the various trades were very low.

"The market is already overcrowded," several stout red-faced viragos had told him snappishly. "We prefer female operatives as a rule, and there are hundreds of men eager to work for us at half the price, or at any price at all."

There was a moderate demand for coachmen and masons, bnt Mr. Krauft knew nothing of either craft. Women monopolized the trades and professions. It was found that they were more apt to learn, and more supple and dextrous; and where strength was wanting machinery did the work. Worse than that, the very fact that he was a man, and obliged to shift for himself, insured Mr. Krauft suspicion and coldness on all sides. It was expected that men would be comfortably maintained and provided for by their wives, and there was a general feeling abroad in society that it was not exactly becoming in a man to possess or use the qualities by which a woman made her way in the world, even when he was obliged to support himself like Mr. Krauft; and whenever any body pointed out the fact that a large number of women were unreasonable enough to die and leave their husbands without income or resources, and a large number of men were unreasonable enough to be born so poor that they must work or starve, there arose a general clamor, and it turned out that the roots of society were in as much danger as ever they had been under the old régime. It was plain enough to Mr. Krauft that there was work enough for men and women both; that women monopolized many pursuits for which they were actually not as well adapted as men. Neither could Mr. Krauft see why it was not just as respectable for a man to labor as a woman; neither could Mr. Krauft understand why his two little sons, who would be forced to earn their own living, should be shut out from almost all the roads to competence, and restricted almost entirely to those in which they must delve all their days, with no hope of advance or improvement; neither could Mr. Krauft comprehend why Tom Krauft, his brother, received a salary of four hundred dollars in his capacity of book-keeper, while Miss Ellen Tree, in a similar capacity in the same establishment, received eight hundred dollars for precisely the same work; and yet if any rebellious man or generous woman raised his or her voice in protest, he or she would be met only by derision, thought Mr. Krauft, wearily, to himself, as he plodded up Broadway, looking with timid envy at the comfortable, assured, well-to-do woman forms that continually met and passed him.

Mr. Krauft was really very near despair. He had walked all the morning, and was hungry and weak. That did not matter, but his children were hungry also, and that is very disagreeable. You multiply the trouble in their poor little stomachs by your own paternal anxiety, and the result is too much for your philosophy. I had rather be hungry any time myself. So had Mr. Krauft, and how, he asked himself, could he go home and face the two little things, tucked up in the bed to keep them warm, with not even a loaf of bread? In fact he couldn't, and wouldn't go; and arriving at a desperate resolution and a pair of fine steps together, marched up and rang the bell. The mistress of the fine steps was an old acquaintance of Mr. Krauft's—a sharp little woman, who kept a boarding-house in those days, and was always trying and barely succeeding in making both ends meet; now a woman of great wealth and high standing in business circles.

At Mr. Krauft's ring appeared a lofty and scornful waitress, before whom he instantly became as nothing in his own eyes, and ushered him into the library, where Mrs. Manlius was busy over her papers—sharp as ever, but she had also grown stout upon it, and your sharp, stout people are very discouraging; and she looked at Mr. Krauft in a frosty, far-off way that chilled the eloquent and convincing speech he had prepared into a few incoherent sentences about want of work, destitution, etc.

"I made my way up from the bottom round," retorts Mrs. Manlius, mighty coolly. "So have hundreds of other women."

"Ay, but you don't afford us men an equal chance," said poor Krauft.

"Providence has not made you equal, and intends that you should depend on us," answered Mrs. Manlius, turning over her papers.

"Then why does Providence deprive us of our dependence, and oblige us to use our own faculties?"

"Can't tell, I am sure, my dear Sir"—frostier than ever. "Perhaps for the same reason that, years ago, made it possible for you, Mr. Krauft, then a poor boy, to acquire wealth and ease, and almost impossible for me, on the other hand, being a poor woman, to live at all. I remember that you, like other men, were tolerably well satisfied then with the dispensations of Providence. I see no reason why we should not now be equally well suited."

"Oh, Mrs. Manlius!" cried the voice of Ellen Tree, as that young lady emerged from a *fauteuil* and advanced to the light, rosy, sparkling, and beautiful. "You know that it was not a dispensation of Providence in either case, but a good-natured, ignorant selfishness on the part of the men, and now revengeful malice in the case of the women. And you know—you *know*, Mrs. Manlius—that there were men, plenty of them, who worked for us and with us; and that the majority of men refused help interest only where they did not properly understand our aims; and that the men who would knowingly oppress, cheat, or in any way injure women were few enough to be considered monstrous exceptions. Ignorance was as much the cause of our suffering as it was of those diseases once elevated into dispensations of Providence, and now known to be dispensations of dirt; and oh, Mrs. Manlius! if, with increase of light, we deal more hardly with men than they have done with us, which is the most righteous?" cried Miss Tree, her eyes shining with pity for Mr. Krauft.

Tears were rolling down that poor old creature's leathern cheeks, and there is no telling what he might not have said, in the extravagance of his gratitude, had he not at that moment found himself back at his own dinner-table, full-blown as ever. How Mr. Krauft got back he understands as little as how he came to be out, but he considers his vision as a warning. He has issued orders that Miss Tree is never again, on any pretext, to be admitted to his house, and he closes his ears against all mention of agitation and reform in the woman-world as persistently as his doors against Miss Tree.

"Give them an inch, and who knows how many ells the creatures will take?" says Mr. Krauft.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

AN APRIL WIFE.

A Lay of the Hen-pecked.

APRIL weather, foul and fine,
Rain and rainbow, shade and shine,
Thou art like a pettish wife,
Whose fretful temper plagues one's life,
When wild and bustling March
Has stilled into a mood most arch,
With storms she'll give a threat'ning Nay,
Before she softens into May.

SALMON FISHING EXTRAORDINARY.—Scotch papers say there is excellent sport on the Earn and the Tay. An Irish correspondent wants to know whether the "Tay Earn" salmon are caught ready boiled.

EPITAPH ON A PHYSICIAN.—He survived all his patients.

UNLAWFUL MARRIAGE.—"Is there any person you would particularly wish me to marry?" said a widow expectant to her dying spouse, who had been somewhat of a tyrant in his day. "Marry the devil, if you like!" was the gruff reply. "Oh no, my dear," retorted the wife, "you know it is not lawful to marry two brothers."

An old lady once triumphantly pointed to the "Epistle to the *Romans*," and asked where one could be found addressed to the *Protestants?* This was equaled by an old negro Baptist at the South, who said to his master, a Methodist: "You've read the Bible, I s'pose?" "Yes." "Well, you've read in it of one John the Baptist, hasn't you?" "Yes." "Well, you never saw nothing about no John the Methodist, did you?" "No." "Well, den, you see dere's Baptist in the Bible, but dare ain't no Methodists; and de Bible's on my side."

A very sentimental poet, seeing the gambols of an ass's foal in a field, vowed that he should like to send the little thing as a present to his dearest Matilda. "Do," replied one of his companions, "and tie a piece of paper round its neck, bearing this motto: 'When this you see, remember me.'"

PUZZLES.

Great passions swelling in a little breast;
Great minds by low and little aims possessed;
A dwarf who frets and strains to touch the skies
A giant whose whole work is killing flies;
A mountain flood to drown a starvling mouse;
An Armstrong gun to annihilate a louse;
An argument in answer to a sneer;
A grave discourse extorted by a jeer;
A statesman angered by a caricature;
A veteran who can not a squib endure;
A mastiff driven frantic by a flea;
A poet wounded by a parody;
A woman's sleep disturbed by slanderous breath;
A good man's name by gossips talked to death—
All these are mysteries designed to be
Proofs of the greatness of humanity.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE SPIRITUALISTS.—In the English Army Estimates for this year a sum was voted for disembodied Militia.

YOU CAN DO IT WITH EASE (ees).—The following ingenious little enigma is inscribed under the commandments, in the chancel of an old church in England:

PRSVRYPRFCTMNVRKPTHSPRCPTSTN.

Only one letter is wanting to make good English of it.

Theodore Hook was relating to his friend, Charles Matthews, how, on one occasion, when supping in the company of Peake, the latter surreptitiously removed from his plate several slices of tongue, and, affecting to be very much annoyed by such practical joking, Hook concluded with the following question: "Now, Charles, what would you do to any body who treated you in such a manner?" "Do!" exclaimed Matthews; "why, if any man meddled with my tongue I'd lick him."

"Cato, what do you suppose is the reason that the sun goes to the South in the winter?" "Well, I don't know, massa, unless he no stand de clemency of the Norf, and so am obliged to go to de Souf, where he speriences warmer longimitude."

A wee bit of a boy having been slightly chastised by his mother sat very quietly in his chair for some time afterward, no doubt thinking very profoundly. At last he spoke out thus: "Muzzer, I wish pa'd get annuzzer housekeeper—I've got tired o' seein' you round."

Killing comes natural in Ireland, for half the places begin with kill. There is Killboy (for all Irishmen are called boys); and, what is still more ungallant, there is Killbride; Killbaron, after the landlords; Killbarrack, after the English soldiers; Killcrew, for the navy; Killbritain for the English proprietors; Killcool, for deliberate murder; Killmore, if that's not enough; and last, though not least, Killpatrick.

Lord Chesterfield once remarked that even Adam, the first man, knew the value of politeness, and allowed Eve to have the first bite at the apple.

Red noses are light-houses to warn voyagers on the sea of life off the coast of Malaga, Jamaica, Santa Cruz, and Holland.

An Irish girl was ordered to hang the wash clothes on the horse in the kitchen to dry. Her mistress shortly after found a very gentle family horse standing in the kitchen completely covered with the articles that had been washed that day. Upon interrogating the girl the reply was, "Och, to be sure, ye told me to hang the clothes upon the horse in the kitchen, and the baste is the kindest I ever saw, sure."

Why is the human windpipe like the Pope's anathema? —Because it is a *neck's communication* (an excommunication).

"If an earthquake were to engulf England to-morrow," said Jerrold, "the English would manage to meet and dine somewhere among the rubbish, just to celebrate the event!"

An honest Philadelphia German got excited over an account of an elopement of a married woman, and exclaimed, "If my vife runs avay mit anoder man's vife, I will shake him out of her preeches, if she be mine fadder, mine Got."

Aunt Emma was trying to persuade little Eddy to retire at sundown, "You see, my dear, how the little chickens go to roost at that time." "Yes, aunty," replied Eddy, "but the old hen always goes with them."

Byron had his hands full when he had this adventure:

"I stood in Venice on the bridge of Sighs,
A palace and a prison on each hand."

WRITTEN AFTER GOING TO LAW.

The law, they say, great Nature's chain connects,
That causes ever must produce effects;
In me behold reversed great Nature's laws—
All my effects lost by a single cause.

A German, being required to give a receipt in full, after much mental effort produced the following: "I ish full. I wants no more monish. JOHN SWACHAMMER."

This world and the next resemble the east and west; you can not draw near to one without turning your back on the other.

The gravest beast is an ass; the gravest bird is an owl; the gravest fish is an oyster; and the gravest man is a fool.

A man went to an insurance office in Paris and insured a quantity of cigars against fire. Some time afterward he made a claim on the company for compensation, the cigars having been burned. He admitted that he had smoked them, but claimed that, as they had been destroyed by fire, he was entitled to claim for them. The parties went to law, and a verdict was given for the plaintiff; whereupon the defendants immediately threatened to indict the man for arson, he having set fire to property which he had insured. The scamp was only too glad to let the matter drop.

SAD DOMESTIC EXPLOSION—An injured wife burst into tears.

Opportunities, like eggs, must be hatched when they are fresh.

A QUAKER WOMAN'S SERMON.—"My dear friends, there are three things I very much wonder at. The first is, that children should be so foolish as to throw stones, clubs, and brickbats up into fruit trees, to knock down fruit; if they would let it alone it would fall itself. The second is, that men should be so foolish, and even so wicked, as to go to war and kill each other; if let alone they would die themselves. And the third and last thing that I wonder at, is that young men should be so unwise as to go after the young women; if they would stay at home, the young women would come after them."

What stone should have been placed at the gate of Eden after the expulsion?—Adamantine (Adam ain't in).

Dr. F—— sometimes drank a good deal at dinner. He was summoned one evening to see a lady patient when he was more than "half-seas over," and conscious that he was so. On feeling her pulse, and finding himself unable to count its beats, he muttered:

"Drunk, by Jove!"

Next morning, recollecting the circumstances, he was greatly vexed, and just as he was thinking what explanation he should offer to the lady a letter was put in his hand. "She too well knew," said the letter, "that he had discovered the unfortunate condition in which she was when he last visited her; and she entreated him to keep the matter secret, in consideration of the inclosed" —a hundred-dollar bill.

A punctual man is very rarely a poor man, and never a man of doubtful credit. His small accounts are frequently settled, and he never meets with difficulty in raising money to pay large demands. Small debts neglected ruin credit, and when a man has lost that he will find himself at the bottom of a hill he can not ascend.

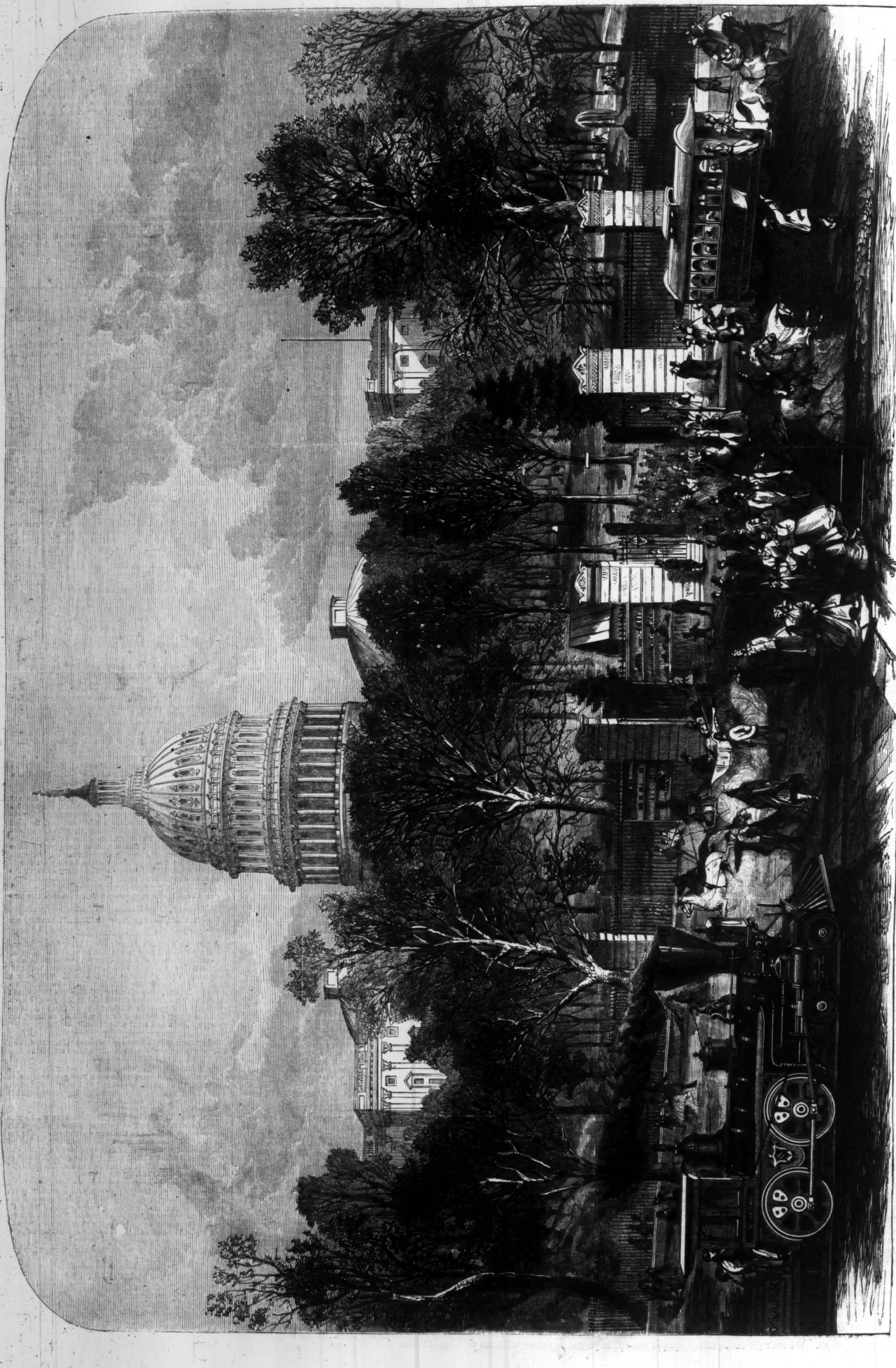
A GOOD MOTTO FOR AN AUCTIONEER—Come when you are bid, and bid when you come.

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

My first is a circle,
My second a cross,
If you meet with my whole
Look out for a toss.

Ox.

Why is a poor cat most likely to guess a riddle? *Because it is a needy puss (Œdipus).*



SCENE AT THE PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE ENTRANCE TO THE CAPITOL GROUNDS AT WASHINGTON ON THE DAILY ADJOURNMENT OF CONGRESS.—[Sketched by F. Dielman.]

OUTSIDE OF THE GALLERIES OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES DURING THE PASSAGE OF THE CIVIL RIGHTS BILL.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

ALTHOUGH the weather is still occasionally bitingly cold, and we are visited at times by frosts of a night, the Parisian modistes are determined to force the spring forward, spite of nature itself. The windows of their establishments, indeed, may be compared to so many parterres of spring flowers. Velvet bonnets are fast disappearing, and in place of them we have chapeaux of white crape and of rice and other fancy straws. A new shape just introduced, and one likely to become very popular, is a sort of compromise between the bonnet and the hat. It appears to be nothing more or less than a hat with a widish brim, compressed very much at the sides; in fact, a revival of the soi-disant pastoral head-gear in which both Reynolds and Gainsborough occasionally decked out their aristocratic beauties, and which we see covering the heads of the shepherdesses of Boucher and Langret. This new form of chapeau is made generally in white crape or the finer sorts of fancy straws. The usual trimming is a wreath of either clematis or jasmine blossoms and leaves, or a wreath formed of Michaelmas daisies, with occasionally a brilliant-coated beetle or two at one side. Those made of fancy straw are bordered with some light-colored velvet—blue seems to be the favorite tint—with strings to match, and trimmed with either a bunch of wheat-ears on one side or a wreath of ivy-leaves, intertwined among which is a *chaine Benoiton*, all being of the same material as the bonnet itself.

The Pamela bonnet, which the Empress has now taken up, and which she rechristened the "chapeau Lamballe," is becoming very much worn. The peculiarity of this bonnet is, that it fits close to the

PARIS FASHIONS FOR APRIL, 1866.

ANTOINE PROBST, MURDERER OF THE DEARING FAMILY.

[PHOTOGRAPHED BY CHARLES COHILL, ROOT GALLERY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.]

lower part of the face—clutches it, as it were—which has a very pretty effect on the countenance of a well-rounded, youthful beauty, to whose perfect oval face it forms a charming frame, but which hardly suits those ladies of maturer years who depend so much upon and who so sorely tax the modiste's art. The chapeau Lamballe, as worn at the present moment, has few ornaments about it, and rarely any feathers, except a little tuft or so. It is now being made in white or pale blue crape, in preference to velvet, with, perhaps, a rose or two both inside and out.

For robes foulards are in great request, more particularly for morning and walking dresses.

The *chaine Benoiton*, which took the Parisian world of fashion, as it were, by storm, still holds its sway, although it is quite certain that it will be impossible to adapt it, on account of its more or less heavy look, to the light and delicate chapeaux which promise to become the mode during the ensuing spring. It will, no doubt, however, retain the hold it has secured as an auxiliary to the coiffure. Formed of pearls, or of amber, and intertwined round the head, the hair being fastened behind with a bunch of small rose-buds falling over the neck, it has a most graceful appearance.

Coiffures, as at present worn, are generally raised a good deal above the forehead, with a multitude of small curls. The chignon is becoming abandoned among the *haut monde*, with whom nets are again the mode. The great novelty in the way of nets is the "Coiffure Benoiton," which is covered over with artificial curls made of the glossiest and finest silk of all the various shades of the human hair, and which are occasionally powdered or dotted over with small gold stars.

Stockings of bright and sombre colors, ornamented with clocks at the sides, or of a white cross-bar pattern, have recently been introduced. For evening dress stockings are of white silk, with clocks in gold or silver embroidery.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1. *Carriage Dress.*—Robe of striped blue satin. Casaque of blue velvet, with buttons of mother-of-pearl, and trimmed with white silk fringe in imitation of feathers. Chapeau Jeanne d'Arc, in Italian straw, trimmed with black velvet, a white ostrich feather, and a chaine Récamier, formed of large links of straw passementerie.

Fig. 2. *Spring Dress for the Country.*—Robe and casaque of light-green taffeta, with ornaments in passementerie intermixed with black velvet and lace. Chapeau Paméla, in Italian straw, with a garland of leaves, and trimmed with straw-colored ribbon.

Fig. 3. *Toilette de Ville.*—Robe and casaque of coarse gray silk, striped black and white: a basque, which is fastened to the belt, forms the casaque; pockets *au Charles VI.* The trimming is of silk fringe, except at the bottom of the dress, where it is composed of a large cord. The chapeau (made expressly for her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales) is of rice straw, with a relevé in white moire trimmed with ribbon of white satin bordered with blonde. On the left is a white rose covered with marabout.

Fig. 4. *Riding Dress.*—The habit is of brown cloth.

ANTOINE PROBST, THE DEARING MURDERER.

ON Saturday, April 7, a murder of the most atrocious character was perpetrated by ANTOINE PROBST, whose portrait we give on this page. The Philadelphia *Ledger* of April 11 gives the following account:

The victims were CHRISTOPHER DEARING, a drover, his wife, his four children, and his niece, a young woman about twenty-five years old. Mr. DEARING occupied a farm on Jones Lane, some distance from the Point-House Road, belonging to Mr. THEODORE MITCHELL, of Philadelphia. He had lived there for several years, and had been a resident of the neighborhood for twelve or fifteen years. Besides his own family he had a hired man living with him, a German, whose name none of the residents thereabouts could give; also a lad, called CORNELIUS, seventeen years old, who was bound to Mr. DEARING, and had been with him seven or eight years.

The last seen of Mr. DEARING alive was on Saturday last, when he came to the city on business, and called upon Mr. MITCHELL, his landlord. After transacting his business he seems to have made a purchase of some meat, which was found in his wagon, and to have driven to his house with his niece, before referred to, who had been spending a few days at Burlington with some friends.

Since Saturday all has been quiet at the farm. The neighbors thought it strange that they did not see either the children or the adult members of the family about, but no one undertook to ascertain the reason until yesterday.—About two o'clock one of them, a friend of Mr. DEARING, went to the house, and found it fastened up. Prompted by curiosity, he raised one of the sashes and entered. No one was within, and while the interior was not entirely in order, it did not exhibit such unusual disorder as to create suspicion of foul play. The barn and stable were then visited, and in the former the foot of a man was seen protruding from under a pile of hay. The hay was removed, and a most shocking sight was presented. Not only was the murdered body of Mr. DEARING uncovered, but that of his niece also.—Both were in full dress, he having even his gloves on, and both had their heads nearly severed from their bodies.

The pockets of his pantaloons had been turned inside out, and his body seemed to have been searched, as if for a money-belt. They had doubtless been carried there and the hay piled over them to prevent immediate discovery. The finding of these bodies led to the belief that the mother and the children had met a similar fate, and a search was at once instituted for them. In the mean time, however, news of the murder had been circulated, and information had been conveyed to the Second District Police Station, and from there, by telegraph, to the Central Station. Chiefs RUGGLES and FRANKLIN at once repaired to the scene of the tragedy, with High-Constable CLARK and several other detective officers. Coroner TAYLOR also was soon at the farm, but before he arrived the other bodies had been found in a corn-crib attached to the barn, the mother and four children all lying together, and all, as Mr. DEARING and niece were, with their throats cut and their bodies concealed under a pile of hay. The mother had, in addition, the top of her head crushed in. Probably a more shocking sight was never seen than the mother and her murdered children after they had been removed from the crib. One of the children was a mere babe, less than two years old, whose innocent face was sufficient, one would have thought, to have moved even the brutal murderer's heart to pity. The victims, with their ages, are as follows: CHRISTOPHER DEARING, 40 years; JULIA, his wife, 35 years; ELIZABETH DOLAN, the niece, 25 years; JOHN DEARING, 8 years; THOMAS DEARING, 6 years; ANNA DEARING, 4 years; EMILY DEARING, 2 years.

The eldest child, WILLIAM DEARING, was spending a few days with his grandfather, WILLIAM DUFFY, in West Philadelphia. Had he been home there can not be a doubt but that he would have shared the fate of the other members of the family.

The fact that two members of the household—PROBST, a hired man, and the boy CORNELIUS—were missing directed suspicion toward them. It was not long, however, before CORNELIUS was found to have been murdered also.

On the 12th PROBST was captured in West Market Street. The prisoner was searched, and two rings were found on his fingers and a purse in one of his pockets. This was afterward identified as one that had belonged to Mrs. DEARING. PROBST had on also some of DEARING's clothes. The confession made by the prisoner was to the following effect:

He said that he had only killed CORNELIUS, and that the DEARING family were murdered by a German. His accomplice he called JACOB GAUNTER. The agreement was that all were to be knocked in the head with an axe, and then their throats cut. GAUNTER slept in the barn on Friday night, and on Saturday morning PROBST, according to agreement, got the boy near the hay-rick and killed him with the axe. In the mean time GAUNTER was preparing for his bloody work. PROBST went to the house and told Mrs. DEARING that a man was at the barn and desired work, and wished her to go to him and show him what to do. She accordingly went, and was there murdered by GAUNTER. The children, except the baby, were then sent one after the other to the barn, and there dispatched by GAUNTER, after which he took the baby from the cradle, and after taking it to the barn killed it.

At one o'clock on the same day Mr. DEARING returned to his home, in company with his niece, and at this time the prisoner and GAUNTER were in the house. Mr. DEARING and his niece were killed on the spot, and their bodies carried to the barn.

The prisoner showed no signs of emotion, spoke freely to such of the officers of the prison as asked him questions, and, when dinner was served to him, he ate somewhat voraciously. He was formerly from Brooklyn. He is five feet eleven inches high, twenty-five or twenty-eight years of age, round shoulders, no side-whiskers, light hair, a short, thin, light mustache, inclined to curl at the ends, has a downcast look, and weighs 175 or 180 pounds. He is loosely made, and has a shuffling gait. He seems to be entirely destitute of feeling; and with the exception of a trifling sum of money, which might have been obtained with far less violence, no motive can be found sufficient to explain this wholesale massacre.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A POLITE acceptance of courteous attention in our public conveyances is the exception not the rule. Many individuals seem to fancy that because they are "ladies" they must receive every thing, and give nothing in way of politeness. The French, characteristically, have a more beautiful way of making themselves attractive. We by no means think that a gentleman is in duty bound always to be jumping up to give his seat in the cars to ladies who, it may be, are not half as tired as he himself is. Nevertheless the courtesy is a very pleasant one; and lookers-on can't help feeling indignant when a stolid lady coolly takes possession of a seat vacated for her without a word or look of thanks. Yet so commonly is this done that it is really refreshing occasionally to see another style of conduct.

The other day, as a young lady stepped into a crowded car a gentleman rose and offered his seat. "No, thank you," said the lady, "I am only going a few blocks." But the gentleman's gallantry increased, and at a second invitation she took the proffered seat with a pleasant recognition of the attention. But the original possessor of the seat evidently regarded her as an anomaly, and as he stood near her, apparently very contented so to stand, he looked very much as if he wished it were etiquette to cultivate a further acquaintance.

Not long since a lady entered a car so crowded that no attempt was made to give her a seat until, presently, a gentleman, rising to leave the car, offered her the place he had occupied. Instead, however, of taking it herself, she turned kindly to a weary-looking nurse who stood near her, holding a heavy boy, saying: "*You* take this seat, you have a child to hold." She remained standing, while the somewhat surprised girl took the seat. But with so much quiet grace was this little politeness offered that it was a real pleasure to witness it. We should like to have a similar pleasure oftener.

There is no lack of houses in the market although May is coming on apace. Landlords, who fancied that they held the world—of New York city—between thumb and finger, have relaxed their grasp; and despite all their efforts there is a reasonable probability that the majority of our citizens will still have a roof to shelter them! Housekeepers are already taking time by the forelock and planning about the packing of their Lares and Penates, while they fervently wish the dread ordeal of moving were over.

Speaking of moving day reminds us of an item which appears in a recent English journal. It is this:

"We believe it is no longer a secret that the title of the poem on which, as we mentioned some weeks since, the Poet Laureate is at work, is 'The Death of Lucretius.'"

Now we are sorry that there should be any misapprehension in regard to what Tennyson is actually writing. And we will relieve any anxiety our readers may feel about the matter by whispering the assurance that, "*regardless of expense*," we have secured the "*Author's advance sheets*;" and can unhesitatingly affirm that whatever wrong impression exists in regard to the *title*, is due merely to the circumstance that the poem refers to the Departure of Lucretius—*from his house*—touchingly alluded to in a ballad sung by Mrs. Lucretius, about ten o'clock, on the evening of April 30, 1866. We give it entire:

TO-MORROW'S THE FIRST OF MAY.

A MOVING BALLAD.

AIR—*Jeannette and Jeannot.*

You must wake and call me early, call me early, husband dear,
To-morrow 'll be the maddest time of all the round New-Year;
Of all the circle of the year the maddest, muddiest day,
For to-morrow's the First of May, my love, to-morrow's the First of May.

I sleep so sound all night, my dear, that I shall never wake,
If you do not call me loud, when the day begins to break;
But there are other things will break, I guess, besides the day,
For to-morrow's the First of May, my love, to-morrow's the First of May.

There's many a finer house, they say, but there's none so bright as this;
We've many a nice arrangement here, which we shall sadly miss:
These pleasant rooms, the balcony, the trees around the door;
When we moved in there was but one—we planted seven more.

The honey-suckle round the porch has woven its wavy bowers,
And in the garden we have reared a bright array of flowers;
But though we've loved our home so well, we've got to move away,
For to-morrow's the First of May, my love, to-morrow's the First of May.

Our carpets they must all come up, our pictures all come down;
If you'll unscrew the looking-glass, I'll wrap it in my gown.
The books I'll leave for you to pack—be careful they're not jammed;
The chandelier may go by cart, the globes should go by hand.

Be sure and take the hammer round—we shall have need of that;
Save all the paper you can find—and don't forget the cat.
Don't mix the pickles and preserves, nor throw th' old brooms away,
For to-morrow's the First of May, my love, to-morrow's the First of May.

And oh! tell Bridget, husband, to be careful how she moves
The earthen-ware and crockery, and other things she loves;
And if upon the sidewalk you should hear a dreadful crash,
You'll know our china dinner-set has gone to eternal smash.

Of course some common things will break, some costly ones perhaps,
But you can't expect to move, you know, without a few mishaps.
And when we've got the moving done you'll have some bills to pay,
For to-morrow's the First of May, my love, to-morrow's the First of May.

The night winds come and go, my dear, along the vacant street,
And the happy stars above them do not seem to mean to cheat;
But to-morrow it will be sure to rain the whole of the livelong day,
For to-morrow's the First of May, my love—to-morrow's the First of May.

So you must wake and call me early—call me early, husband dear,
To-morrow 'll be the maddest time of all the round New-Year;
To-morrow 'll be of all the year the maddest, muddiest day,
For to-morrow's the First of May, my love, to-morrow's the First of May.

During the recent strike of the car drivers in this city, one of our daily journals in discoursing upon the great discomfort and confusion which the whole city suffered in consequence, and the duty of the railroad companies to guard against such strikes, remarked that, "Under no other government on the face of the earth would such conduct be permitted." This was in allusion to the business of the railroad company being conducted without sufficient regard to the convenience of the public. Consequently it was not so surprising that on one of those carless days the Englishman, lately imported, who had been waiting for some time outside the Clarendon for a Fourth Avenue car was puzzled. Nor that, after some time, his indignation at the delay burst forth, as he remarked to a gentleman close by, "Well, by Jove, hif this hisn't a houtrage. W'y, 'ave you no 'ansoms, hor 'acks, hor homnibuses? You know hin Hingland you can go hanywhere you like for 'alf a dollar, you know." Here he discovered that those around were laughing at him, and, with a look of scorn, he re-entered the hotel.

The public recognition of the New England Church of this city, which took place, with appropriate services, last week on Thursday evening, was an event of interest to many, as the crowded house testified. As there has hitherto been, in reality, but one Congregational Church in this city—the Broadway Tabernacle—the need of another has long been apparent. On the occasion referred to, the sermon, by Rev. H. W. Beecher, was characteristically full of rich thought and feeling. Rev. J. P. Thompson, of the Broadway Tabernacle, on behalf of the council of ministers, gave the "Right Hand of Fellowship" to the new church, with cordial assurances of sympathy and co-operation. Other clergymen took part in the exercises, and singing, both by the congregation and choir, was interspersed. Eighty-three individuals have become members of this young church. The church edifice, situated in Forty-first Street, near the Sixth Avenue, is neat and tasteful, though unpretending in appearance.

The Boston Medical Journal wisely says:

"People who would avoid or prevent cholera should cultivate equanimity, regularity of life and habits, cleanliness, salubrious exercise, temperance, and the avoidance of all excesses. When they have done their duty in providing for the care of the sick, allaying public panics, and abating public nuisances, they may safely dismiss their apprehensions."

Certainly no good ever results from excitement and agitation. There is great safety in cool, quiet, self-control, and judicious care. An exchange relates the following incident, from which we may, while we laugh over it, deduce a very important moral:

"A friend of ours, who has been unfortunate enough to be taken down with the varioloid, left his boarding-house very quietly and suddenly, as soon as the first symptoms of the disease began to manifest themselves, and took his quarters at the hospital. In order to allay the anxiety of his landlord as to his whereabouts, he sent him a note, stating that he 'entertained no personal hostility toward the house, but that he *did not wish to associate with the boarders!*'"

"Fashions continue to change with an unchanging changeability," remarks some cynical observer. "This week the ladies are wearing their dolls' bonnets and other people's hair. Next week it may be their dolls' hair and other folks' bonnets." It is suggested that it is not at all improbable that it may yet be the fashion to dye the hair to match the color of dress. Thus a lady in the morning may appear with dark brown tresses, and in the evening dye them yellow to match her yellow silk. So when deep mourning was required the hair might be dyed black, and a streak or two of gray might easily be added where half-mourning was thought desirable. So also the fancy colors might be adopted—rose-pink, or sea-green hair would certainly be *unique*, and who knows but it would be a charming variety?

Not long since a lady was walking through one of the squares in London, with a long skirt trailing in the dust and dirt behind her. She swept magnificently past two stablemen, one of whom observed to the other, "I say, that ere horse 'll require a lot of grooming to-night." "Yes, and not be clean after all," replied the other.

Comment is unnecessary.

The following item occurs in one of the latest London journals:

THE FASHIONABLE COLOR.—Green dresses are very much the fashion on the Continent. Ladies will learn with some alarm that Professor Maschka and Dr. Lerck, of Prague, have analyzed a green dress worn at a ball in Vienna, and discovered that it contained no less than 2 oz. of arsenic.

There is an old saying that "Blessings brighten as they take their flight." This does not seem to be invariably correct, if the following anecdote is true:

A stoical Scotchman was addressed by his sick wife: "Oh, John! I sha'n't leave this bed alive!" "Please theeself, Betty, and thee'll please me," returned John, with great equanimity. "I have been a good wife to you, John," persisted the dying woman. "Middlin', Betty, middlin'," responded the matter-of-fact husband.

BURNETT'S COCOAINE.—No other preparation so exactly suits the various conditions of the human hair.

JOSEPH BURNETT & Co., Boston, Proprietors.

We clip the following from the *Chicago Sunday Times* of April 1:

UNITED STATES PRIZE CONCERT.—GIFTS OF ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS IN GREENBACKS.—The integrity and honor of Messrs. WIGGINS, BRADFORD & Co. ought to be of themselves sufficient guarantee as to the reliability of the rare inducements which they set forth to subscribers to their great Prize Concert, on May 28, of this year. It is a prevailing characteristic among those who have set high hopes on drawing the big prizes to cast suspicion against enterprises of this character, when they have failed to strike the lucky numbers. But were all that had ever been given unreliable, they could not militate one iota against the known responsibility and honor which heads and guides the United States Prize Concert. Besides this, the number of prizes are so great and so valuable that a moderate profit alone would accrue to these gentlemen after the gifts are fairly distributed; for not less than one hundred thousand dollars in greenbacks are to be awarded to the fortunate, including one gift of thirty thousand dollars, one of ten thousand dollars, and a number of others of five thousand dollars, four thousand dollars, three thousand dollars, two thousand dollars, and other high figures—all in good currency. In addition to this twenty-three houses and lots, worth each from six hundred dollars to eleven thousand dollars, will be awarded to the holders of successful numbers. Besides all this there will be one hundred and twenty-five thousand prizes, ranging from six-hundred-dollar pianos to a family costly Bible, making altogether one chance out of every four that a rich prize may be won.

The drawing will be done openly and above-board at Crosby's Opera-House, in the presence of thousands, and under the superintendence and scrutiny of a committee whom the audience itself will select. Order and fair dealing, under the circumstances, are unavoidable. At least one hundred subscribers will be made independently rich by the gifts they will get, and the rest of those who hold the successful numbers will receive handsome and valuable gifts.

The number and undoubted character of the references of Messrs. WIGGINS, BRADFORD & Co. give stability and reliability to their enterprise; and this prize concert is commended as a means of safe investment to those who desire an interest in any enterprise involving a small risk for the prospect of great gain. The proprietors promise also to donate to the LINCOLN and DOUGLAS monument funds two thousand dollars. Further details of this great enterprise may be found in an advertisement in another column.

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ALEXANDRA HOTEL,
HYDE PARK CORNER.

This magnificent Hotel, occupying one of the most cheerful, healthy, and pleasant sites in London, overlooking Hyde Park, Rotten Row, and the Serpentine, is now open at such a reduced Tariff as to render it the cheapest first-class Hotel in London.

It comprises numerous suites of Apartments, a spacious and elegant Coffee-Room, a Ladies' Coffee-Room, a Smoking-Room, &c.

There is an Ascending-Room for Visitors to every floor.

Arrangements can be made for Board and Residence for a fixed charge.

WEDDING BREAKFASTS PROVIDED.

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Manufacture GLAZED, ENAMELED, and PLATED

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Orders Promptly Executed. Send for Sample.

JOHN F. MARSH, Agent.

FAMILIES and GENTLEMEN on a visit to the OLD COUNTRY should not leave without seeing the BIRTH-PLACE OF THE IMMORTAL SHAKSPEARE, STRATFORD-UPON-AVON.

The Hotel bearing his name having undergone recent improvements, will be found replete with every comfort, combined with moderate charges.

Post Horses and Carriages on hire.

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Photographic Materials, Stereoscopic Goods,

WAR VIEWS,

SCENERY, GROUPS, &c.

Photograph Albums, great assortment, Cartes de Visite of Noted Persons, &c., &c.

French English, and American Novelties.

New Skirt for 1866.

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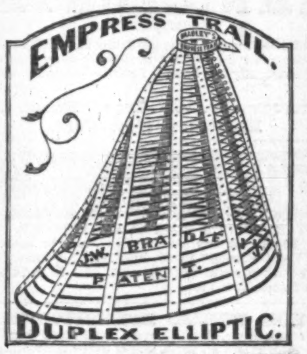

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SPRING SKIRTS.

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Manufactured exclusively by sole owners of patent,

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(ESTABLISHED 1859),

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Greater Inducements than ever before.

250,000 Pianos, Gold and Silver Watches, Articles of Silverware, &c., worth over $1,000,000,

All to be sold for $1 each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you are to get.

Splendid List of Articles.

10	Grand Piano-Fortes	$800 to	$1200
100	Rosewood seven-octave Pianos	400 to	600
250	Gold hunting-cased Watches	75 to	125
250	Ladies' Gold Watches	40 to	75
1,000	Ladies' and Gents' Silver Watches	20 to	50
200	First-class Sewing Machines	45 to	75
1,000	Cake-Baskets and Ice Pitchers	18 to	30
1,000	Fine Castors and Butter-Dishes	15 to	20
3,000	Sets Knives and Forks	10 to	25
5,000	Sets Tea, Dessert, and Table Spoons	6 to	15
3,000	Napkin Rings, per pair	6 to	10
4,000	Butter Knives, per pair	6 to	10
10,000	Gold Pens, silver ex. Case & Pencil	5 to	6
10,000	Gold Pens and gold-m'ted Holders	5 to	8
5,000	California Diamond Rings	5 to	10
3,000	Fancy Enameled and Seal Rings	5 to	8
6,000	Vest, Guard, and Neck Chains	5 to	15
10,000	Magic Spring and Snap Lockets	5 to	12
5,000	Drinking Cups and Goblets	5 to	10
10,000	Beautiful Photograph Albums	5 to	10
175,000	Other Articles of Jewelry, Silver-ware, &c.	5 to	12

Sealed certificates of the articles are well mixed, and sent, regardless of choice, to each purchaser of a Photograph of any prominent personage—costing 25 cents. The Photographs are very fine, and worth the money. After opening the certificate, it is at your option to send for the article or not. You can not get less than One Dollar's worth; for the lowest article on our list is a beautiful fifty-picture morocco-bound ivory-ornamented photograph album, worth $5, which may be ordered on any certificate, while you have the possibility of drawing a watch or piano worth from $100 to $1000.

Five photographs, with certificates, and a silver butter-knife as premium, sent for $1; eleven for $2, with a fine napkin-ring; thirty for $5, with a 50-picture album worth $5; sixty-five for $10, with a silver butter-dish or 100-picture album, worth $12; one hundred for $15, with a solid silver full-jeweled hunting-cased watch, worth $25.

Agents wanted every where, and the most liberal inducements ever yet offered to those who will act as such. Send for circulars. Address

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100,000 Watches, Chains, Silver Articles, &c.,

Worth $500,000!

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SPLENDID LIST OF ARTICLES.

		Each.
100	Gold Hunting Cased Watches	$115 00
100	Gold Watches	70 00
200	Ladies' Gold Watches	40 00
600	Ladies' and Gents' Silver Watches	18 00
1000	Revolving Castors	$15 00 to 18 00
3000	Drinking-Cups	7 00 to 10 00
5000	Oval and Chased Gold Bracelets	5 00 to 10 00
3000	Vest, Neck, and Guard Chains	5 00 to 10 00
3000	Ladies' California Diamond Rings	3 00 to 8 00
8000	Magic Spring and Snap Lockets	4 00 to 10 00
10000	Gold Pens, Silver-Mounted Holders	4 00 to 5 00
10000	Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases	4 00 to 6 00
8000	Sets Ladies' Jewelry	5 00 to 10 00
5900	Tea, Dessert, & Table Spoons, per doz.	12 00 to 24 00
5000	Dessert and Table Forks, per doz.	14 00 to 24 00
4000	Butter Knives, per pair	6 00 to 10 00
3000	Napkin Rings, per pair	6 00 to 10 00
31000	Other Articles	4 00 to 10 00

Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one can have, are first put into envelopes, sealed up and mixed; and, when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not. One of these envelopes will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents; 5 for $1; eleven for $2; 30 for $5; 65 for $10; and 100 for $15.

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German, Red or Brown. $2 50, $3, $4, $5, $6, $8.

Double-Lined. $5, $7, $9, $11, $13, $15, $17, $19.

French, Blocked and Lined. $8, $10, $12, $15, $20.

Italian. $6, $10, $12, $14, $16, $18, $25, $30, $35.

Old Masters, very fine Tone. $40, $50, $75, to $300.

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Brandreth House, New York, *Nov.* 23, 1859.

T. Allcock & Co.—Gentlemen: I lately suffered severely from a weakness in my back. Having heard your Plasters much recommended in cases of this kind, I procured one, and the result was all that I could desire. A single Plaster cured me in a week.

Yours, respectfully, J. G. Briggs.

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Of the bowels irreparably with fierce Cathartics, in the insane hope of curing Constipation in that way, try the mild but effective persuasion of HOSTETTER'S BITTERS, which will bring the discharging organs back to their natural condition, and not force them beyond it—accomplishing a permanent cure in two or three weeks.

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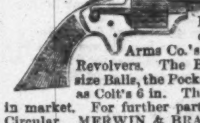

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